"Where there is no vision the people perish"

THE POETRY REVIEW

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AN OLD STORY

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

The winds of heaven bare their teeth again
And, from his fiery marches upon high,
The sun sinks lower, lower tardily;
On hill and dale their Summer beauties wane;
From hurst and holt the leaves take wing and fly,
The hedge-row berries fall till none remain
Within the treasury of Autumn's reign:
Their pageants pass, their pomp and glory die.

Now harvest's home and mother-naked Earth
Unto the plough her patient bosom yields,
Affirming Winter's transitory dearth,
Dismantled forests and storm-beaten fields.
Through many a stark and steely night forlorn
She plans her next year's gown of golden corn.

KING-CRAFT

Wird Christus tausendmal zu Bethlehem geboren Und nicht in dir; du bleibst noch zwigleich verloren.

'Angelus Silesius' (1)

CHARLES WHITBY

When once I presented to a Druid (2) my small son
Basil he murmured musing the name betokens a king
A stern charge is governance any crown a costly thing—
Only by meek service may lordship be won,
Prepare then in your pilgrimage but recently begun
For your first award buffets a dire scourging
Blood on your brows where the fierce thorns cling
A burden to carry to a hilltop anon!

From the husk of your dead self as from a prison
Into the dawn-glow of a new day arisen
Seek out the onward clue of your shattered story,
Serve and reign inured to the task assigned
A clear flame in your heart's heart shrined
And banned from the vulgar ken a crown of glory.

(1) Tr.: Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem were born
And not in thee, then still thou art eternally forlorn.

(2) The late Rev. F. Montagu-Powell, a Naval Chaplain, Welsh author of *Studies in the Lesser Mysteries*.

SURPRISE

RACHEL ANNAND TAYLOR

A little idling flute begins
  Upon clear summer air:
A simple fairytale it spins,
  And loiters here and there,
And spills some rainbow drops that wake
  The goldfish in the pool,
Until the drowsy hour must ache—
  It is so beautiful.
Echo to rarer Echo calls
  Down the rose-crystal weather
In strange remote recessionals—
  Daemonic altogether!—
Who could foretell this casual art,
Ere it was done, would wring the heart?

I WALKED INTO THE COUNTRY

WILFRID THORLEY

I walked into the country
  And never met a soul,
Black hair, or brown hair,
  Or good grey poll.
No girl with her tresses
  Of tawny gloss or black,
With limb-sway or love-glance
  To hold me back.

I walked into the country
  And all that I could find
Was a doddering old woman
  That mumbled to the wind.
Her face was all a-wry
  Like dough ill-kneaded.
I gave the dame good-day:
  She heard not nor heeded.

She heard not nor heeded.
  And yet to me she said
"Strong lads and lasses
  Shall one day lie dead.
She whom you flout
  Shall fly you and win you
From your fancy. Out!
  Love lies within you."

I walked into the country
  And found no welcome there
From dead things or dumb things
  That stared back my stare.
And foiled in my seeking,
  Home I hied alone
And found my love waiting
  By my own hearth-stone.

Her hands had been busy,
  Her mind had found an ease
In pinning and in sewing
  The cloth upon her knees.
She whom I sought
  Far afield unwitting,
Here at my hearth
  Alone was sitting.

A SPRAY OF LABURNUM

(An Epithalamium)

HENRY SAVAGE

How lovely the laburnum!—
So my thought,
Till busy sparrows on a sudden brought
Dreams of Byzantium.

As each bird resolutely shakes
The tasselled blossom, honey-coloured flakes
Fall through the air, and so
Beauty, it seems, must go.

But may the dream be ever with you, friends,
Who now take hands to share
This life's uncertainties,
That, though the exquisite flower's moment ends,
There is a green Byzantine garden where
Is no decay, no gnawing doubt and care,
And Beauty never dies.

NEARER THE WIND

WILFRID GIBSON

Luffing, he sails nearer the wind; and now
The short seas slapping on the starboard strakes
Leap the low bulwark and the sheer spray breaks
In flourish after flourish towards the lee
Over the bow:

And, luffing, too, the slack sails of his mind,
The brunt of steeper seas his spirit takes;
And in his sight an iris radiance breaks,
As on and on he fares exultantly
Nearer the wind.

THE RIDE FROM HELL

HERBERT PALMER

But chivalry is dead in this black land.
Up to the saddle, love, and tie your bows—
The green one hints a vernal high command,
And for the blue, it's loftier than their rose.

Spring to my saddle, love, and say your prayers;
We'll not be food for flies this tarrying dawn;
Look at yon Eye which over Venus stares!
They can't see that, no, neither king nor pawn.

They can't see that, they're always so withdrawn,
Down on the ground and at their morbid meals—
Breakfasting on the brandling every morn,
Then chewing dung, and biting on their heels.

This is no land for justice or fair deeds;
Leave it to curs and fools—and blind applause.
The spirit turns; and then the spirit bleeds.
The Ape-man holds a kingdom in his jaws.

Sit still, cling tight, but leave my sword-arm free,
The reins must trust to luck, the horse knows all;
His sire, they say, had wings, trod sky and sea,
Grew harpstrings in his forehead ere his fall.

We'll ride and ride and ride, O, beat them yet!
Yes, leave them to their mouth-gags and their lies.
The envious shall hunger to forget,
The false, who still can see, for blinded eyes.

A league! . . . Two leagues! The dawn shows diamond-clear . . .
Five leagues! The slag-heaps lessen. Dawn's aglow.
But hush your singing! Death himself may hear,
And slag and shale conspire to overthrow.

How swiftly goes the horse! Not yet an hour.
Seven leagues! The light shines azure on the wold.
They've got the ground, but we, the heavenly power;
Ours the blue sky, though theirs the iron and gold.

What do they feel outside their ordered sphere?—
Their ant-hill on the midden in the snow.
Strange how a man may be a crawler here
And yet stand up to tell the oak to grow.

What do they know of love or seraph fire?
Even their hate is as the iceberg's cold.
The dullest hand may pluck the choral wire,
The youngest fool put down the wise and old.

Hark, how the barrier river roars in flood!
That's a fair land upon the greenwood side.
We'll get there, mud or water, flame or blood.
But first try right, the left road meets the tide.

There's light there, all that highest light allures . . .
Here light draws darkness, light of craft and guile;
Only Truth's shadow triumphs and endures,
The sallow marsh-light in the Devil's smile.

They level all, to nourish Envy's shears;
They have no honour, and they pay no dues;
They wound the eyes and mortify the ears;
But the river shouts defiance at their views.

What's that you say—their sentries guard the bridge? . . .
O, we'll crush them into nothings if they stay!
A man's a pawn, but half a man's a midge;
Those soldiers are like flies that smudge the day.

Not far to win! We'll rive the final bar.
Now you may do the thing the horse desires—
Sing to the sun and every sleeping star.
'Twill break the hearts of all those rogues and liars;

For once I heard a bard who'd voice so sweet
It raised a dead man in his burial shroud,
And one, his murderer, grovelled at their feet . . .
Sing, love, for you sing like him, sweet and loud!

Sing! Look! It works. Death's henchmen flee the bridge.
Men wave and cheer upon the greenwood side.
And see far out, those towers on mountain ridge!
The king lives there; so thither we will ride.

A PILL FOR PANIC

R. H. MOTTRAM

Can I forget that dull and lowering day
When all the rumours whined with shrill alarm,
And every statesman's word foreboded harm
To all we cared for: when our scant array
Was mustered, how I hastened to advise
My old frail mother of a grim device
That made provision for her bare escape,
Her calm old voice came mocking in this shape:

"What, run away like some scared barnyard bird
And be the unwanted guest of strangers? I,
Who have been warned and threatened endlessly,
And never yet have joined the frantic herd!
Bring me my coffin, son, and let me sit
And wait this last new conqueror in it!"

EFFLORESCENCE

WILFRED ROWLAND CHILDE

Huge flowers with petals of pale marble flesh
Open slowly their rose-tinged chalices,
Carven and cold like solemn images;
The fountain's dancing showers their gleam refresh.

These cool-cupped flowers from forests of dark glass
Thrust forth their fragrant mouths and drink the dew,
That from these glancing jets falls sharp and blue
On rich-dim blossoms and on gentle grass.

Far off beyond the rainbows of these showers
That spray upon these open eyes the sea
Concludes the world with violet shoulders, fills

The horizon's angles as with toppling hills
Of savage amethyst and sends to me
This benediction of triumphant hours . . .

IN THE SWEETING OF THE YEAR

M. E. MASON

If I should never come again
Among the Orchards in the spring,
And see the Cherry blossoming,
And hear the Thrushes after rain,
Mourn not for me, nor drop a tear;
But, in the sweeting of the year,
Think of my spirit, hovering
High—
Between the branches and the sky,
And go not there in sorrowing . . .

EXHORTATION ON THE LAST OF DECEMBER

(For Cynthia)

WREY GARDINER

Coming back to these walls which are not home
I have heard the heart-beat of forgetting,
Wielding what power from the last hours,
This lessening field of perception, driving
Fear from the bending skeleton of the minute.

I have heard of those who know the music of love
Like a quick bird beyond the vision
Of the lost morning, the love of light.
We are poor bodies drowned in seeing,
And hearing, hoping and loving. Nerves
Distended like a flayed harpsichord
Wandering between beauty and death, losing
The sharp light of the morning, the ghost of Africa,
Seen for a moment in the memory. We return
To the death of dream, the disaster of love,
Waiting, waiting for the breath of knowing,
Like a crucifixion in the memory.

This is a long time of waiting
For the ultimate vision, the last death
Falling like a heavy curtain over desire.
The eye of fire is the sun reflected in the sea,
The broad, cool silence of light, widening
Like bells dripping in time to dreams.

Too much poetry is a travesty of life
Which is the enigma of the fly caught
In the turgid and glutinous sea of reality.
After the concerto we go to sleep between
The clean sheets of an earthly desire,
Forgetting the bird lost in light,
For we are not dedicated to the fire
Of a last echo of the European dream.

Let us spend our years writing poetry
And spit on money, death and forgetting.

Let us dream of music, the sharp sword of harmony,
Entering us like the fertility of life, the sun of being.
Cast off these uniforms of pity, these dresses
Of custom, dance to the phrases of desire,
Wandering like the hands of love to the circle of conception.

As I heard the angel's wing cover my madness
I dreamt of beans, lying in a row like forgotten dreams.
I thought of the mystery of women open to life
And the hope of the new world, dreaming
Of the red curtains of the lost womb,
The soft within where we waste our hours,
Dreaming of escape, leaping to light
Towards the tower of forgetting, the isolated moor.

Drink no more tears with the flood of pity.
Love no more, hate only the ugly.
There is just this short moment before we die,
Only this phrase of beauty, this love of love.

MAN WITHOUT LOVE

RANDALL SWINGLER

Man without love leans like the sun eclipsed
On that dark segment. Though his right arm blazes
With an april vigour, what can be felt is the heart
Shrunk into kindness, cold as an ageing planet.

His lyric spring is gone, and now comes on
The organ and anguish of a tragic summer.
Doomed autumn's decadent gold he has expected
And the furious hard joy of winter's defeat.

FROST

DOUGLAS GIBSON

Frost has set crystal flowers
Shining in fields where ploughs

Have lately delved so deep;
It falls in silver showers
As I wake the leaning boughs
From their long languorous sleep.

The sun lifts its great flushed face
Over the hill and throws
A cord of light across the climbing spire,
And through the blue unfolding space
A bird like a dark arrow goes
Feathered with frost and fire.

ONSLAUGHT

KIFT BERRY

Through sulphurous smuts and through
Tram cables' splutter,
Shrapnel-sharp skylark notes
Ring in the gutter.

And I'm in this penfold queue
Crying with pity,
Just hearing a stupid bird
Storming a city.

HUNGRY HENS

ALAN SCOTT

Have you ever watched hens
When there's food about,
Like fat old women
Running for the bus?
And watched the last, late-comer
Who, with sudden, silly leap,
Comes flat-footed—waddling
With hoarse, urgent cry?—
I can almost see
The beckoning umbrella's
Frantic warning—

Clutched in her wing
As she pants along,
With feathered, flurried fuss . . .

VISITATION

GEOFFREY PARSONS

The rooks that night were late returning home,
Then skimmed their nests and wheeled about and went;
The usual nibbling rabbits did not come
And no bat squeaked: the hedge-hogs were content
To stay concealed where they had spent the day.
Of all abundant nature, none came near;
The owls, quite silent, did not search for prey.
Far off, some dog howled in the octave of fear.

And I? I only could not flee that dread
Which stalked from out the woods and, dusk till dawn,
Besieged the place with its unearthly tread.
Had I dared look, what would have been the sight
That left such searing footprints on the lawn
And made the roses wither over-night?

MOLIÈRE IN THE HOUSE OF RABELAIS

PHILIP JOHN STEAD

That was the moment in the even sunshine,
The wine cup to my lips, the bellying pitcher
Important with its weight of Chinon wine:
I heard the racking tumult rage about me,
The roof-tree crazy and the ragged din
Making the doors bounce and the casements stutter.
There strode the antic giants in the street,
Their shadows like a winter striking chill,
Darkening the noonday. The iron groan
Of bells perplexed me, and I saw the pale
And mushroom faces of the parasites
Hiding and peeping as the giants leapt
And tumbled in the square.

I turned to him
Who stood beside me: half his grave furred robe
Was spattered from the sky, but on his brow
The storm of heaven had swept away all hurt
And left a saint's calm there. Then came his voice,
Killing my horror, sending fear aside:
I hear it still, deliberate: "Laugh or die."

TRAINS

BARBARBA BRIGGS

Trains, on a windy night, impel themselves
Loudly over the shining rails, until we
Suddenly notice them invade our silences,
The pattern of the contiguity.

Yes, trains can have a meaning if we mean them,
Each has its journey and its destination,
And we could catch connections, if it were
Not for the fuss, and the dismal draughty station.

But we would not trust our hearts abroad on trains,
The gloomy carriage swaying through the night,
And so we stay, where the expresses of illusion
Bear us untrammelled whither lies delight.

TROPICS

MERTON NAYDLER

Names that excite me—
Lagos, Lavinia,
Flames that overpower me,
Suns that devour me,
Shores that delight me
Beyond contemplation.

Beaches of burnished sands—
Matruh, Ratnalana,
Palm-leaves that embrace me,

Smooth balms that ease me,
Lush fruits from slender hands
For thirst's saturation.

Eastward my heart returns—
Melir, Misurata:
There where the temples stand
Shimmering in distant lands,
Where mind and body spurn
Life's termination.

Soul of the glowing sphere—
Libya, Malaya:
Passion that cries out to me,
Ecstasy to shout to me
Recall! Remember
The wild animation!

Flowers in glistening hair—
Jasmine, bougainvillea:
Perfumes that incense me,
Breath that must convince me,
Languid the heavy air
Wreathing elation.

Worlds that elude me—
Burma and Lebanon:
Futile fingers chide me,
Vanished wraiths deride me.
Tropics that delude me
Pass to oblivion.

THE BEGGAR

ROB LYLE

The conscience of a race, its grinning double,
Leprous and foul, a chart of running sores,
His legs sawn short at birth, his chest a bubble,
Scratching our shadows with his bloody claws,

He crawls and slobbers, begging in the rubble,
His rotted limbs the mirror of our laws,
Drawing the rags about his body's stubble
As the dust festers in his thirsty pores.
Artist of evil, of all filth the flower,
Abomination shameless and complete,
The cancer in the pouting breast of power—
I hear his cackle rattle down the street
And feel his mirth prophetic of the hour
When the whole world will crumble at his feet.

POEM IN THE CENTENARY YEAR, 1950

(for William Wordsworth)

DORIAN COOKE

What did he know
As he lay on his last bed, alone
With the thunder and thorns of his past?
Did his memory move in a glow
Of great sonnets and storms down the blown
Years and back to a dumb dark of dust?

All his loud days
Being over, like an overcast sun
Going down to its roots, did he hear
In his fall the slow flow of last rays
From the sun in his heart? Secrets done
And undone might suddenly have been there.

There might have been
In the sharp time between bone and ghost
A last green miracle of his making,
Huge and hot but unheard and unseen
And as illegible as a dream lost
On the ultimate corner of waking.

But not for such a
Blurred magnification of black luck
I fumble in the hundred years' well;

But rather I would stretch back to touch a
Quick gold minute hammered out or struck
Like a coin or a deep clapper bell.

So let me score
My small handsign on the gratitude
Of this year, that there is time for me
To scour again his miracle-swept shore
As far as the last scarp of the rude
Hebrides and a song-silenced sea.

To-day, more than
A hundred years away as the crow
Dies, I know him down our crooked beach
Of wars and silences as the one
Last greatcomer of our kind, lodged like snow
Barbed bright beyond our battering reach.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS

MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH

Seven dead seas wash between us and life,
The green hush of their waters lap us in dreams
Through which, like fish, thoughts move indifferently
And slip, and are lost in shadow and confusion.

Seven sins burn with seven jets of flame.
We have dreamed them and forget them, like shadows of stars
They fade, and our hands are empty, our sleeping bodies
Cannot sense the guilty check and flow of our blood.

But above, in the sky, dark as the sapphire's core,
Lucent, fierce, they burn and are enduring,
Clear as the echo, complement and consort,
Our counterpart, the seven burnished stars.

SHORTWAVE MASTS

D. G. BRIDSON

Our silent ministry disturbs
No sleeper at our planted feet,
Whose midnight message is for day
That swelters in a tropic heat.

Intent upon those farther shores,
We probe with challenge of our thought
What vast immensities of earth
May rear imperviously athwart.

We pierce the barriers of space
And merge what they would set at odds,
Bridging the empty gulfs of time
Like rainbow of the Northern Gods.

Reverberant among the stars,
Where voice of man was never heard,
We fill the music of the spheres
With sudden harmony of word.

NORTH AMERICAN VOICES: II

In the last six months we have received, and conserved to study for this feature, the offerings of thirty would-be contributors from the North American Continent. With our greatly restricted space, we can only include our seven favourite pieces; but we would like to make expression of our appreciation to all these so encouraging well-wishers by recording their names in our pages even if we were unable to publish work by more than a handful. Besides to our Seven North American Muses, then, we proffer thanks to fifteen residents of the United States, namely: Louise Barili, Erica May Brooks, J. C. Crews, Seymour Gresser, Gertrude Howard, Ruth Hutchinson, Helen G. Jefferson, Jeanine Kendall, Mary Glover Nettleton, Marie Tello Phillips, H. T. D. Robinson, Louis A. Shaw 2nd, Everard Stokes, James Styles, Leo Sudol; as, also, to seven

residents of Canada: Barbara Catherine Day, Christine L. Henderson, David Earle Lewis, Elizabeth M. Moyer, Mabel L. Thacker, L. Juliet Young and Russell B. Zinck, and to a resident of the British West Indies: Barnabas J. Ramon Fortuné. To all goes our gratitude—Editor, *The Poetry Review.*

IN ABSENTIA

HELEN BALL (Canada)

So . . . you consider me crude.
Well, by God, I am!

You find it hard to believe
that beauty was once my companion.
She was! She was!
But I saw her
ravished and driven from me
in a bombed-out town in France.

What do *you* know of horror—
horror that stinks and sears
and kicks you in the guts?

What do *you* know of courage—
courage with a grey-mask face
and a snarling whip-lash tongue
that beats back fear with curses?

You see, I was always afraid.
Not afraid of death itself
but afraid of losing my life.
I loved my life. It was mine.
I wanted to keep it, to hoard it . . .
for a green far-away spending.

Perhaps
had I lived to remember,
lived long enough to have known
"emotion recollected in tranquillity,"
perhaps . . .

Emotion be damned!
Good God, it was reality!
It was life-death-heaven-hell
seen-heard-smelt-tasted-touched.
Tranquillity . . . !

My poems are built of rubble,
words, twisted and tortured.
Let them cry out the hideous truth!

WE AMERICANS

ALLEN E. WOODALL (U.S.A.)

We are too much English in our hearts,
Too much British perhaps in our very bones,
Our souls echo to Cornwall's sea-worn stones,
Somewhere in memory ancestral starts
The skylark song that never quite departs.
We curse aloud sometimes that English owns
Our very thoughts (those candid overtones),
Unracial kinship in the intimate arts . . .
For we are not all English in our blood,
Not even Scotch, or Cambrian, or Erse,
We are more mixed than holiness or sin,
Wedded to every people since the flood,
Yet though we gnaw our bonds in prose or verse,
We are English deep, so deep under the skin.

STORIES

CHARLES BRUCE (CANADA)

It was before his time, but he had heard
Old men remembering, and now again
In his own age it came to him: the word,
The vanished laugh and the lost gesture. Then,
Out of the word the image: keel and frame
And adzhewn timbers, and a name in gilt.
Raked spars and blustering canvas and a name—
Spoken, remembered: "On this beach they built

The *Princess Dagmar* . . ."
He would sail them up
Out of the sea of time; and they were true.
We listened; along the wharves the harbour lop
Splashed the black pilings. And the thing we knew
Was true as Jason, and the thousand keels
At Aulis. Or the loom of Hiram's fleet
Off Tyre, with peacocks. And those blackened sails
Blown homeward from the island they called Crete.

JOHN GO BACK

JAY RODERIC DE SPAIN (U.S.A.)

With Mary ill, he rowed down stream for aid.
The river steamed, the Mission far behind.
"I'm glad we came to China, John, to find
What God can do with hearts as hard as jade.
But go ashore, and let me feel the shade,
For I shall go no farther . . . God is kind . . .
But promise you'll go back . . . I shall not mind
The waiting here within this alien glade . . ."
He scooped her grave with nothing but an oar;
Lined it with leaves, put leaves upon her face;
And scooped back dirt on dreams that were no more.
Returned from her now joined with time and space,
One loosed the boat where two had gone ashore,
And rowed up stream with God in Mary's place.

HIGH ON A HILL

MARGARET LOUISE POTTER (Nova Scotia)

High on a hill I spoke to God
And He replied.
The wind knelt down upon the sod,
The white gull cried.
A violet buried in her sleep
The silence kept.
I crushed the earth beneath my feet
And wept.

High on a hill to God spoke I:
"Keep safe my love or let me die;
This dream is all too dear
For me to own."
God smiled and left me here,
But not alone.

TO THE LAST OF THE GREAT AMERICAN PIONEERS

STELLANOVA OSBORN (U.S.A.)

In His house are many mansions . . .
I breathed a little prayer
That somehow He may find you
A small log cabin there.

SPOKEN TO A HUMMINGBIRD

GERTIE STEWART PHILLIPS (U.S.A.)

For showing you to sightless eyes
Where do the adjectives exist—
The colours blending to a whirr
Of bronze, blue, amber, amethyst—
To paint an iridescent thought
Evolving to a radiant word,
Exquisite? Sized by "rule of thumb,"
Two measures, you incredible bird,
Would adequately cover you
From needle bill to black band tail,
And pennyweights your ultimate
Balanced upon a jeweller's scale.
Proud gems possessed by Sheba's queen
In ages centuries remote,
Would pale by one like pigeon blood
Pinned on the collar at your throat.
Velvet, satin, richer than these
The fabric of the cloak you wear,
Fluttering like an exotic bloom
Upon a swaying stem of air.

WILLIAM COLLINS, POET OF THE EVENING STAR

By RUTH PITTER

One evening in early June, in the year 1759, a Mr. Shenton, vicar of St. Andrew's at Chichester, was walking in his garden. He paused in his walk, and glanced up at a certain window, listening. In that room a man lay dying. Mr. Shenton had often heard him raving and moaning, for the man was not only mortally sick, but mad as well. This evening, however, there was no raving nor moaning. A voice was heard—the hesitating voice of an ignorant girl, reading the Bible—stumbling with many mistakes and mispronunciations through the 27th chapter of Genesis; interrupted now and then by the feeble voice of the dying man, prompting and correcting her. Painfully the two of them laboured through the whole chapter:

> *Gen.* 27. 34: "And when Esau heard the words of his father, he cried with an exceeding great and bitter cry, and said unto his father, 'Bless me, even me also, O my father.' "
> 35. And he said, Thy brother came with subtilty, and hath taken away thy blessing.
> 38. And Esau said unto his father, Hast thou but one blessing, my father? Bless me, even me also, O my father. And Esau lifted up his voice, and wept.

The story of the disinherited and unblest seems apposite enough to the last moments of this man, for it was William Collins who lay there, his life ended and his mind shattered, at the age of thirty-eight. What malignant fate is it that so often makes the lives of poets so unaccountably disastrous? Collins was the gifted son of respectable tradespeople; he was launched into life with very fair prospects, and his principles were excellent—it was not dissipation which ruined him; and yet here he lay dying at the age of thirty-eight, thrown on the mercy of an unsympathetic sister, with his sister's maid-servant, in the kindness of her heart, reading the Bible to him; and here, at Chichester, a few days later, Mr. Shenton buried him. Perhaps, all his life, it was that lurking germ of madness which haunted Collins—which made him so irresolute, so undecided: which caused the abrupt departure from Oxford, which underlay his broken and abandoned projects, his wanderings, his loveless (though not friendless) life, and his early death. There is sometimes a wild note in his poetry which does hint at madness, in spite of the formality of the style. There is more than a hint in his *Ode to Fear*. No one knows more about Fear than the man who has lived under the shadow of insanity.

> Thou, to whom the world unknown,
> With all its shadowy shapes, is shown;

Who seest, appalled, the unreal scene,
While fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah fear! ah frantic fear!
I see, I see thee near . . .

William Collins was born on Christmas Day, 1721. His father, a hatter, was then Mayor of Chichester for the third time. There were already two daughters, almost grown up, so we may think of Collins as having been rather a solitary child. These sisters of his must have been mildly eccentric women, though not so eccentric as to sympathise unduly with their brother. They didn't marry until they were middle-aged, but the younger of the two was married twice. The elder sister, Elizabeth, died five years before her brother, but the younger one, Ann, lived to be 85, and it was in her house that Collins died. Ann appears to have been avaricious. She so hated her brother's improvidence and thoughtless generosity, that she is said to have destroyed as many of his papers as she could find, and also his enthusiasm for poetry, as far as lay in her power. The evidence is scanty, but the picture not one of family tenderness and appreciation. We, who love his work, and see his personality only dimly, across a gap of two hundred years, may blame Collins' unfeeling relatives, including the military uncle who was often obliged to help him with money, and who said that the poet was too indolent even for the army: but Collins must have been a very trying member of a frugal, hard-working bourgeois family. That's the worst of poets. Heredity seems to account for so little in their make-up. They are born without warning among a set of people who can only be irritated by them—to whom they can only be ugly ducklings: and it must be owned that they usually do precious little to conciliate their families. The science of psychology, of course, was all but undreamed-of then. To these people, with their narrow outlook, Collins' improvidence, and idleness, and extravagance must have seemed downright dishonesty. To his friends—and he had many friends among the most eminent men of his day—he was an exceedingly lovable man; a man very much to be pitied, and very much to be admired: though few of his friends seem to have been capable of any accurate appreciation of his work. Johnson had a tender affection for him. Quin, Garrick, Foote, "Seasons" Thomson, and Gilbert White were all among his friends. It is mainly to the letters of these friends that we owe what little intimate knowledge we have of Collins. They differ curiously in their descriptions of his appearance and character, but I think the most reliable evidence is probably White's—Gilbert White of Selborne, who as a naturalist was a trained observer. White says of Collins in a letter: "(He was) of a moderate stature, of a light and clear complexion, with grey eyes, so very weak at times as hardly to bear a

candle in the room: warm-tempered, but good-natured and affable: warm in his friendships, and very temperate." Johnson, in his *Lives of the Poets,* says of Collins, "His knowledge was considerable, his conversation elegant, his disposition cheerful"; but Johnson also hints that the poet's vicissitudes made his life unavoidably irregular.

William Collins' fame rests nowadays on a few, a very few poems, none of any great length; but these few have a singular beauty. Most of his surviving work—of which there is only enough to fill one very small book—is in an artificial style, with a florid personification on almost every page, though no page is ever without some lovely characteristic phrase or epithet. Collins' fame has grown steadily since his death, but the reasons for his popularity have changed beyond recognition. Goldsmith, for instance, fervently admired the *Persian Eclogues,* which (though they are skilful work) seem to us now only a kind of pastiche, with a faded quaintness and prettiness, often indeed becoming mechanical and absurd; eighteenth-century mass-production poetry like this:

> When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
> The radiant morn resumes her orient pride;
> When wanton gales along the valleys play,
> Breathe on each flower, and bear their sweets away;
> By Tigris' wandering waves he sat, and sung
> This useful lesson for the fair and young.

Every phrase is stereotyped, every epithet is a stock epithet; the man might have written that in his sleep. But the hall-mark of poetry is not absent. Even in these artificial Eclogues we get the true and tender line:

> The lily peace outshines the silver store,
> And life is dearer than the golden ore;

Collins was a romantic poet. Learned as he was in languages both dead and living, he ransacked remote places, ancient events, wild myths and legends for his poetic ideas. In the *Ode to Liberty* he imagines the long-past time when Britain was a peninsula of Europe, with no sundering and protecting seas between; and then in fancy he sees a terrible storm, and makes a picture of the Atlantic bursting through to join the North Sea, and so to make the English Channel. The language is inflated, but the images are tremendous.

Characteristic of Collins' work is the strong feeling for the northern elements of romance, the dark, the cold, the haunted and mysterious. In the *Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland* his Will o' the Wisp is no trivial emanation, but a dreadful and threatening spirit of power.

The mere skill in writing verse has often led poets astray. The greater the facility, the more temptation there is to submit to fashion, or to let

cleverness prevail over poetry. I think Collins often did so. His *Ode on the Passions* is a case in point. It is a made thing, deliberately composed on purpose to be set to music, and I believe it has been set to music by more than one composer: it was certainly performed at Oxford in 1750, and doubtless has been performed since. This Ode contains a great variety of rhythms, each of them very suitable (according to the ideas prevailing then) to the particular passion each describes. This is what Pope would have called "a very correct piece." Its correctness gives it an undeniable dignity, like the dignity of a classical building—both conventional and magnificent. Pathetically enough, among all the assembled Passions, Collins ignores the supreme passion of love, except for one slight allusion.

It is rather a relief to leave these florid, mannered poems, so evidently done to impress and make a show. We turn now to the few pieces which show the true Collins. Simplicity and tenderness were of his very nature. Had he been born seventy years later, he would have found exact expression in the lyrical spirit of the Lake poets. But emotionally he was before his time. His best poems are in a mood which was unfashionable in his own day; though Gray, with his *Elegy*, was soon to attain an irresistible victory in that mood. I think the *Elegy* may have owed something to Collins. If so, Collins certainly helped to set the current of English poetry running in the direction of romanticism. The spirit of the *Elegy* is clearly foreshadowed in his *Ode on the Death of Thomson.* He was one of a group of friends who used to meet at the Castle Inn, at Richmond. I think these meetings at the Castle must have been the happiest hours of Collins' life. But Thomson's death, and other misfortunes, broke up the little band of friends in 1748. The following year Collins published this farewell Ode. It isn't by any means free from stock epithets and phrases, and Collins couldn't resist the fashionable touch in calling his friend a Druid; but the poem has a gentle music and a tone of true regret. The scene is the Thames at Richmond:

> In yonder grave a Druid lies,
> Where slowly winds the stealing wave;
> The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
> To deck its poet's sylvan grave . . .

In much the same mood is the little Ode *How Sleep the Brave*, which we find in all the anthologies. This little poem is very English in its tenderness and simplicity; and very English, too, as a brief, reserved, rather conventional tribute to valour. I think it has a sure place in our affections.

But the one piece which has ensured Collins his immortality is, of course, the *Ode to Evening*. The charm of this imperishable poem is hard to describe. Perhaps the truest proof of its power is the fact that, like all

supreme lyrical poems, it continues to satisfy us throughout life. A thoughtful child of nine will love it, and thoughtful old age couldn't find a better expression of pensive serenity. To me, this poem is like the evening star itself. The very voice of quietness seems to speak in it. The epithets aren't conventional, but exquisitely exact. The absence of rhyme makes a stillness in it, like the stillness of the hushed landscape it describes. There is just enough of the classical scholar to remind us that this English scene is brooded over by the immemorial spirit of poetry emanating from the sacred groves and temples of the ancient world. This poem has the rarest of beauties, the same beauty that silence has. I have often thought that in some secret way this Ode is enthroned at the heart of English poetry, like stillness at the centre of the whirlpool. Various versions of it are extant; in fact, Collins seems never to have made up his mind finally about some passages, and there is one whole stanza which is entirely different in two of the alternative texts. It is strange to think that the *Ode to Evening*, which must be the calmest poem in the language, should have been written by one who was troubled and restless all his life, and who died mad.

English poetry is wonderfully rich, not only in majestic poets who have produced great bodies of great poetry, but in scores of lesser men, like Collins; weak perhaps in themselves, but endowed with the true spirit. These poets have contributed between them a very considerable proportion of our best treasures.

★

EARTHWORMS

HUW MENAI

Along wet mould they struggle,
  Leaving a trail of slime,
Once mighty Leviathans
  Shrunk in the Wash of Time.

Down on my knees I watch them,—
  Parts of the Parent-thew
Who like all else are breathing
  The same air as I do,—

Not stand superior o'er them,
  Too Pontiff-starched to bend,
When 'tis my lot to join them
  For ever in the end!

THE RUIN OF AXEL'S CASTLE

(Thoughts on re-reading Edmund Wilson's *Axel's Castle*)

BY RAYMOND TONG

In a letter to a friend, in 1871, Rimbaud outlined a new theory of poetry and in doing so prophesied the coming of Symbolism. It was in many ways a violent and tempestuous prophesy and the theory outlined seems far removed from that "azure-haunted" Symbolism of the gentle Mallarmé. Yet in this letter lies the genesis of the Symbolism which was to dominate French poetry and to effect so profoundly modern English poetry. Though Valéry, Yeats and Eliot seem to inhabit a far different world, they like Mallarmé, find a common source in the same visionary spring from which came gushing the seventeen-year-old Rimbaud's letter.

It is perhaps not entirely without significance, when considering the meaning and development of Symbolism, that in the same year that this letter was written, France was suffering ignominious defeat at the hands of Bismarck. Symbolism thus emerged in the most ominous year in modern times, the year which heralded the great World Storm which still hangs over us today.

Of course, Rimbaud, like the grotesquely-maladjusted Corbière and other poets early associated with Symbolism, could not have envisaged in the seventies of the last century, the great social, political and economic upheavals which lay ahead. He could see the sterility of the Parnassians. He could see the increasing industrialisation of the age. He could see the growing power of a bourgeois world he detested. And he perhaps could see as well the turmoil and uncertainty which was becoming more and more evident all about him. He did indeed see and know these things and much, much more. For as Edmund Wilson tells us in his modern classic of criticism, *Axel's Castle*, Rimbaud had run "by the time he was nineteen, through the whole repertoire of modern ideas; he had reacted against a strict religious training into romantic atheism and paganism; had flamed up, at the fall of the Second Empire, with social-revolutionary idealism; and had finally devoured Darwin and the other evolutionary writers."

This might seem to suggest that Rimbaud reacted against the values of his times and thus unconsciously evolved an artistic theory to meet the challenge of the coming World Storm. At first sight this estimate might seem to be perfectly true. In the letter in which he sketched his new theory he says:

"The poet is a true Stealer of Fire."

"He is charged with humanity."

"The poet would define the quantity of unknown awakening in his time in the universal soul: he would give more than the formula of his thought, more than the annotation of his march to Progress! An enormity becoming a norm absorbed by all, he would be a true multiplier of progress! . . ."

These are indeed brave words, but they have little to do either with Rimbaud or with Symbolism. Symbolism did not seek to meet the challenge of the World Storm. It sought instead to find a refuge from it. It was not interested in "the march to Progress" or in the march of anything. It was in no way objective. Indeed it brought subjectivity to its ultimate conclusion in an "immense and reasoned derangement of all the senses. "Whilst it saw the darkening shadows, whilst it knew the dominance of bourgeois values, whilst it realised the terrible dénouement of the times, equally it disregarded them, turned its back on them, flew from them."

In a later letter Rimbaud wrote: "I habituated myself to simple hallucination: I could see quite honestly a mosque instead of a factory, a school of drummers composed of angels . . . Then I explained my magical sophistries by the hallucination of words." Here lies the very essence and meaning of Symbolism—a derangement of the senses whereby a factory becomes a mosque, whereby one can escape the Wasteland by taking refuge in the Church, whereby one can, with a disdainful melancholy resign the struggle and turmoil of everyday life to one's intellectual inferiors. As de l'Isle Adam's Count Axel puts it: "Live? our servants will do that for us . . . Oh! the eternal world!"

This resignation, this disdainful superiority, coupled with utter futility, seems to have beset all who have been deeply influenced by the aesthetic ideals of Symbolism. Inevitably it must have been so, for these ideals imply a straining after complete subjectivity and therefore the renunciation of the common world. Valéry's M. Teste almost dissociates himself from humanity altogether. Like Proust locked in his darkened room, he is oblivious to external reality. He has cut himself off deliberately and dwells in his own austere, introspective dream-world. Poor Mme. Teste! How fortunate it is that she does not realise the final futility of her husband's meditations! Poor consolation to her that M. Teste is the very embodiment of Symbolism!

As André Gide has said, (we quote from Edmund Wilson's book): "One's great objection to the Symbolist School is its lack of curiosity about life. With perhaps the exception of Vielé-Griffin (and it is this that gives his verse so special a savour) all were pessimists, renunciants, resignationists." There could be no more real objection than this. Indeed its achievements in European literature have been in many ways great.

But it is negative achievement, life-denying, which can offer us, on analysis, only introversion, weariness and visions of death.

Yet we live in an age in which common humanity must struggle as never before. We are passing through decades of relentless warfare and in life, as in war, it is treason not to go on hoping, cowardice not to go on fighting. In such an age the poetical ideals of Symbolism, not only seem anaemic and pale, they seem also to lack all nobility. Moreover they seem all too obviously devoid of virility and courage. In such a period of human history as our own could there be greater condemnation than this?

Common humanity will never cease to struggle, or cease to assert the power of Life over Death, although the aesthete or the introvert may cease to do so. Life goes on, though the man in the darkened room is no more. Could it not be that in the midst of this common humanity in the midst of this life constantly asserting itself, there lies the answer to the poet's ideal? Should the poet fly so readily from the market-place? Even Yeats, in his later period, began to have doubts and absorbed himself more and more in society and politics and the common world. His poetry became more humane, more profound, as a consequence. Rimbaud too, seemed to realise the futility of the negation of life which accompanied the insane subjectivity of his poems, and forsook poetry completely, immersing himself in ordinary living, in wanderings in Europe and Abyssinia, until his death. The tragedy of his life is a strange compound of his strength and weakness. A lesser spirit might have continued to write shut away in a darkened room or in a monastery. A greater spirit might have found in the midst of struggling humanity courage and a positive ideal with which to face the future.

Finally then, Count Axel's castle is a ruin, an icy tomb of forgetfulness. No life asserts itself there, and no life has ever asserted itself there. For Count Axel's castle was always a ruin, a ruin where the negative spirit could weep, with Edith Sitwell's *Little Ghost Who Died for Love*:

> "... it is not I,
> But this old world, is sick and soon must die."

It is not the world that is sick and it was the tragedy of Rimbaud that he came to realise this. It is equally the tragedy of many fine poets today, who continue to draw their ideals from the ruins of Symbolism, that they have not yet realised it.

THE PRISONER, THE SNOW QUEEN AND THE NATURALIST

A Book of the Winter, Edith Sitwell, (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.).
The Victorians: an Anthology, Geoffrey Grigson. (Routledge, 12s. 6d.).
Ezra Pound, appreciations by Edith Sitwell, T. S. Eliot, Wyndham Lewis, Ernest Hemingway, G. S. Fraser, etc. Edited by Peter Russell. (Peter Nevill, 12s. 6d.).

REVIEWED BY ROY CAMPBELL

Mr. Peter Russell's collection of tributes to Ezra Pound will be invaluable to readers of modern poetry, since each one of these essays reflects a different facet of the master's many-gifted genius and personality. Few geniuses have ever been able to rally such a unanimous body of opinion around them when they are suffering adversity of the worst imaginable kind. The loyalty and devotion a man can inspire when in dire misfortune is a sure measure of his greatness or goodness: and on the whole this is the most impressive testimony to those qualities in Ezra Pound. It dissipates the clouds of controversial hot-air and smoke surrounding the most insanely persecuted figure in modern literature. Mr. Russell, in his noble editorial, perhaps the best essay in the book, and certainly the liveliest, leads off, with typical gusto, in a warm tribute to Pound and his work, and he ends up with a slashing attack on the poet-baiters and police-minded literary officials of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, who will have their work cut out to live down this generous and valiant onslaught, and the ensuing tributes from some of the most brilliant authors alive. The masterly critical appreciations of Dr. Edith Sitwell and Mr. T. S. Eliot are supplemented with two delightful personal portraits by Mr. Wyndham Lewis and Mr. Hemingway in which the latter tells us in a typical flash of intuition, while discussing what constitutes major and minor poets, why Pound is not a minor poet: "He has never been troubled with lack of energy . . . He has never been a pitiful figure . . . He has fought his fights with a gay grimness . . . He does not believe he came into the world merely to suffer." In that he seizes the main fundamental root of greatness which depends quite as much on character as on talent. For those who like the obscure or the vague, the editor with sly humour, has also catered: and there are much more obvious things said abstrusely in a couple of these essays, which attain to the Fifth Programme level of saying very little in a great many words, by a couple of "deep" guys of the Brown-Study School: and for those who like the

glossy stamp of officialdom there is a sleek example of astute shopwalking and mincing ambiguity by a genuine bona-fide lower-grade civil servant. Such essays are there for those who require conviction by brown-study or official standards, and also for those who enjoy a quiet smile. Mr. Russell has really gone out of his way to satisfy every class of reader, but in doing so he roped less "pompiers" and phoneys into his collection than most editors would have done who had the same end in view.

Considering the amorphous, non-committal, ambiguous state of English literature, on the verge of Nationalisation, it is a joy to find a book of which three quarters is sheer intelligible common-sense, brains and guts combined. Henry Swabey and Max Wyckes Joyce contribute very readable and interesting commentaries on the politico-economical and historical side of Pound's work.

Dr. Sitwell's anthology is an original compilation of poems, prose-extracts, and sayings, chiefly referring to Winter in its more beautiful and pleasant aspects—though the *Seven Old Men* of Baudelaire and a few other terrible reminders are supplied, with masterly judgment, to form the sinister background, against which they stand out like glittering frost-gemmed trees against a black sky. Most of the poems and extracts are new to English anthologies. They include the superb translations of Dr. Waley from the Chinese. One wonders why these exquisite poems have been so neglected by modern anthologists. Then there are a host of unfamiliar extracts from Rimbaud, Saint Teresa, Seneca, Paracelsus, and other writers of all periods and races, which make this book a discovery —of exciting discoveries.

Mr. Grigson's anthology of what was sublime or ridiculous in the Victorian era follows far too closely, both in the time of its publication and also in the whole of its conception, method, and plan, the anthology recently edited by Messrs. John Heath-Stubbs and David Wright, who included similar or identical street ballads and poems, and chose them for the same reasons almost in the same way, but with a sense of discrimination between the sublime and the ridiculous, which Mr. Grigson is liable to confuse. The only ground not covered by the two poets above-named consists in some excerpts from bug-hunters and naturalists supplied by the incurably hedge-happy bird-peeper in Mr. Grigson, who is always confusing the functions of nature-study with those of English literature. Between the sublime and the ridiculous he hedges non-committally and hedge-happily as if he knew which is which: and but for one bad blunder where he gives himself away entirely by praising, in his notes, one Smetham (another Diaper?), we would have been none the wiser.

CRITICISM AND DEMONSTRATION

The English Muse, by Oliver Elton (Bell, 15s.)

The Romantic Imagination, by C. M. Bowra (Oxford University Press, 18s.)

English Poetry, by F. W. Bateson (Longmans, 10s. 6d.)

The Criticism of Poetry, by S. H. Burton (Longmans, 5s.)

Writing Your Poem, by Lawrence John Zillman (Funk & Wagnalls, New York: Mayfair Publishing Co. Ltd., London, 23s. 6d.)

Reviewed by WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

Professor Oliver Elton has been referred to as one of the "elder statesmen of criticism" and the description will be seen to be well-deserved on even a cursory reading of the welcome re-issue of *The English Muse.* This one-volume account of English Poetry from the first known examples to the present century supplies the need of a reference book which is also a highly individual and stimulating piece of scholarship. No important name or movement is missed until we come to our own time, but as the survey does not profess to go beyond the Georgians no one need grumble: contemporary poets get their full meed of annotation and will fall into perspective in due time. What I enjoy about Professor Elton's criticism is its flashing brevity, the kind of pithiness which only a natural wit who is also an enthusiast and saturated in scholarship can muster. Take, for instance, this comparison of Dryden and Pope: "Never need we depreciate Pope, with his 'musical finesse' and his care for what he thought to be perfection; he is today in the ascendant, and needs no advocate. Yet he is easier to imitate than Dryden, in whom there is something cordial and splendid which engages us at once: a careless profusion, an impetus and a masculinity, that in Pope are wanting; and a gift, which remains with him to the last, of recovering from a hundred mistakes." And how perceptive Professor Elton is when he says that "something of Chaucer" was reborn in Oliver Goldsmith, and of Herrick that he "is one of the *calculating* poets—and hence his air of spontaneity." When he comes to Thomas Hardy he remarks that he "seems to have studied Browning closely; but in his lyrics there is by no means the same variety of 'personation'. The supposed speaker, again and again, is a born inveterate regretter." There is nothing academic or dryasdust about such judgments, and they are typical of the author's method and authority.

From such a compendious general survey to Dr. C. M. Bowra's *The*

Romantic Imagination is like walking out of a forest into a garden: for although English Poetry supplies plenty of perspectives it fortunately lacks unity except in language. But the whole purpose and plan of Dr. Bowra's book—indicated in the title—is to trace a unity of Romantic creative activity in the work not alone of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats and Shelley, but also of Byron, Blake, Poe, the two Rossettis and Swinburne; a unity, that is to say, of the imagination as a poetic force. In their poetry, of course, all the poets considered by Dr. Bowra worked dissimilarly. The great Romantics "agreed that their task was to find through the imagination some transcendental order which explains the world of appearances and accounts not merely for the existence of visible things but for the effect which they have on us." But how differently they set about their task is discussed in the chapters on Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*, on Coleridge's *The Ancient Mariner*, on Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, on Blake's *Songs of Innocence and Experience* and on Keats' *Ode on a Grecian Urn*. The one supreme thing the poets had in common was "a delighted amazement even at familiar things," leading to that rebirth of wonder which threw its light over the nineteenth century. I do not recall reading a finer analysis of Coleridge's magical poem than Dr. Bowra's, nor a juster estimate of Wordsworth's *Ode*; and almost equally welcome are the lectures on Dante Gabriel Rossetti's *The House of Life*, on Christina Rossetti and on Swinburne's *Atalanta*. And I found the discussion of Edgar Allan Poe interesting in the recognition of "the unquestionable insight of his theories and the ambiguity of some of his practice." Dr. Bowra writes as an enthusiast and with unobtrusive scholarship; and perhaps the fact that the book is a collection of Harvard lectures explain its smoothness and readibility.

The editor of *The Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature*, Mr. F. W. Bateson, obviously brings a formidable equipment of research and knowledge to his task. The title of his book, *English Poetry*, might indicate yet another par-by-par historical survey, with masses of names and dates, verse forms and quotations, but the book is a lively critical statement of an over-all theory advanced and demonstrated by tests and conclusions. The main conclusion reached is, that as poetry is *meaning* it must be completely intelligible—though not necessarily simple. And to perceive a poem's meaning, its communication of thought, the reader must be aware of the age and circumstances in which it was written—sociological, literary and political. Thus Mr. Bateson's first chapter deals with "the primacy of meaning" and protests against the "romantic" habit of anthologists of excluding the explanatory notes which were once regarded as essential. He instances Blake's song *Jerusalem*—almost an unofficial national anthem now in Parry's robust setting—and wonders how many people who so lustily render it know that the "dark Satanic Mills" have nothing to do with the Industrial Revolution but referred to the "druidic"

altars of the Churches in the eighteenth century, or that the passionate plea for the coming of Jerusalem to "England's green and pleasant land" was a paean in praise of free love. He cites other poems which mightily endure without being understood and proceeds to tilt against the Romantic theories of "Suggestion" and "Pure Sound"—which may have produced many great poems but must be held responsible for the perpetual gush of adolescent album verse. In a brief review I cannot analyse in detail this close-packed and suggestive book, but I would urge readers to acquire it and consider carefully Mr. Bateson's excellent chapters on "Poetry and Society," on "Schools of Poetry" and the concluding chapter, "Towards a Poetry-reading Elite."

A similar central and semantic requirement as that put forward by Mr. Bateson is stressed in another admirable book, Mr. S. H. Burton's *The Criticism of Poetry*. "The words of a poem," he says, "are the means whereby a poet seeks to arouse in the reader thoughts and emotions as nearly as possible identical with those that filled the poet's mind as he wrote . . . Having ascertained what the poet is saying, we must then decide what his purpose was in saying it, and judge him solely as he succeeds or fails in that purpose"—a sensible piece of advice which, if followed, would stop much stupid girding against "modernists" on the one hand and "traditionalists" on the other.

Mr. Burton is the Head of the English Department at Blundell's School and naturally has a penchant for setting examination papers, and accordingly he includes in each chapter practice work to the end of examining literary form and achieving a just standard of critical appreciation. I heartily recommend his book and his method.

Finally there is Mr. Lawrence John Zillman's somewhat portentous volume, *Writing Your Poem*, which aims to give a clear explanation of the "tools" necessary for the job, "with bold illustrations of their use." Mr. Zillman is a professor at Washington University and he brings a transatlantic thoroughness of examination and exposition to the dubious task of teaching students to write verse of a quality better—he hopes—than "the metronome monotony of a misguided mass of mouthings to the Muse, or the disjointed jottings of jejune gibberish which too often pass for free verse." But whether his patient demonstration of the elementary tools of syllables, accents, pauses, alliteration and assonance, rhyme, onomatopoeia, etc., and his plodding conducted tour through "less complicated" and "more complicated" verse structures, can be justified by any possible results, is a moot point. Like Browning, the professor wants to "see a butcher paint," but telling him how would never have occurred to the author of *Sordello*. Poets—we know to our cost—are "made" in these days, but it is a terrifying thought that we have now arrived almost at the stage of correspondence courses, with Helicon card-indexed to its summit.

THREE OXFORD POETS

The Blessèd Pastures by Wilfred Rowland Childe (The Lotus Press, 64 Sutton Road, Hull, 2s.).

The Region of the Summer Stars by Charles Williams (O.U.P., 6s.).

Dymer by C. S. Lewis (Dent, 7s. 6d).

The Literary Impact of the Authorised Version by C. S. Lewis (University of London, The Athlone Press, 2s.).

Reviewed by E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN

Since 1911, when Mr. Childe made his début with *The Little City*, he has steadily and unobtrusively cultivated the small plot of ground that he there made his own, a garden mainly of Madonna lilies, sunned and watered by Holy Church, where the rumours and visions of the industrial *regio phantastica* on the far side of its lichened walls are yet sensibly and occasionally apprehended with no uncertain horror. Great metrical flights he has not attempted (how many have in these times?); he favours short forms, decasyllabic quatrains, the sonnet or the quasi-sonnet, and a piece exceeding thirty six lines seldom comes from him. He has refined his epithets and, if he has not extended his range, he has ordered it, though now and then a poem like "The Scarecrow" and the exquisite "The Aquarium" (in the last issue of *The Poetry Review*) diffuses a fragrance as permeating as, though less exotic than, the mild medievalism his nonage distilled from Rossetti and Morris. His early "Vale," printed in the first volume of *Oxford Poetry*, a retrospective poem, is, in the opinion of some competent judges, superior to its contemporary "Grantchester."

The title of this collection of twenty-two pieces (the first of a series called *The Acadine Poets*) has in the lines

> Where there is nothing but a haze of fields
> And distant cattle feeding and a sound
> Of chaffinches that chink in linden trees—

a truth to nature and a music that many a severer poet might envy. The sincere revelation of Catholic Dogma in "The Larch Wood," with its "mitred fungi," will please Mr. Childe's admirers, and "The New Abbey" has a message for the non-elect:

> Up the long vale the February rains
> Have scoured and cleansed the hills, the naked woods
> Crowd darkling and mysterious; this day wanes
> The triumph of the floods.

The Region of the Summer Stars is a reprint (1944); it is "matter of Britain" and admirers of the late Charles Williams will doubtless hail it as a reprint of a masterpiece. It leaves me cold; the rhymeless verse seems never to quit the cerebral level. For me there is no passionate undercurrent, as there is, for example, in Mr. Redwood Anderson's handling of Irish matter (noticed in the last issue of *The Poetry Review*); but as it is a reprint I need say no more about it.

Mr. C. S. Lewis's *Dymer* is also a reprint (1926), but he has furnished it with an interesting preface that his biographer will find useful in assessing him as an Oxford luminary for a time under the spell of the later Yeats, if so typical an Ultonian brain could ever succumb for more than a moment to the incantations of Eire. A rational poet is, to the English mind, almost a contradiction in terms, and that is what Mr. Lewis is, though he writes rime royal ably enough. No doubt medievalism and intensive study of Milton have helped to make him what he is, but only in the stanzas describing the appearance and conversation of Yeats does anything like authentic poetry peep consistently through, though a striking line comes here and there:

> It was a mighty man whose beardless face
> Beneath grey hair shone out so large and mild
> It made a sort of moonlight in the place.
> A dreamy desperation, wistful-wild,
> Showed in his glance and gait: yet like a child,
> An Asian emperor's only child, was he
> With his grave looks and bright solemnity.

The matter is highly symbolical: a professor is ruthlessly murdered in the first canto (p. 4):

> he struck the lecturer's head.
> The old man tittered, lurched and dropt down dead.

but there is no gallows, only bookish romance; with sanguinary episodes. The poem was published under the pseudonym of Clive Hamilton. The style, at its best, is like Henry More's Spenserians. The hero's name seems a conflation of Virgil's "Dymas" and Masefield's "Dauber".

The same writer's Ethel M. Wood lecture on the literary impact of the Authorised Version, with all its carefully arrayed learning, I regard as subversive of Divine Beauty as I am permitted to know and feel it. He foresees only two possibilities for the Bible, in *any* version: "either to return as a sacred book or to follow the classics, if not quite into oblivion yet into ghost-life of the museum and the specialist's study. Except, of course, among the believing minority who read it to be instructed and get literary enjoyment as a by-product." The full stop after "study" is Mr. Lewis's, and perhaps points to the deleterious effect of such a view on teachers and writers of English. He would have us believe that until the Romantic taste existed the Authorised Version was not an attractive

literary influence. This sounds strange as coming from a Miltonic expert, but one cannot wholly reduce Milton to Greek and Latin influences any more than (*pace* Mr. Lewis) one can reduce "the essential Bunyan" to "the fireside, the shop, and the lane." Citation, so cunningly contrived, hardly takes us beyond the letter, that killeth. Take almost any seventeenth-century book, on any subject: the chances are that you will not find it *illiterate*; and I, for one, should like to know what answer there is to this except that the Scriptures were a second nature to these seventeenth-century folk, however perversely they may have interpreted them. That may not be precisely literary appreciation, but it is infiltration by Beauty, which, Keats tells us, is Truth. I find nothing "curious" in Augustine's statement that the Bible uses *humillimum genus loquendi*; it is qualified not only by *apertissimis verbis* just before and *gremio sanctae humilitatis* a little after. Who, at any period, would desire a better description of the language of the Gospels (omitting, it may be, the start of St. John's) than *humillimum genus loquendi?* One must be professorially minded to find such a statement "curious". I am not arguing with Mr. Lewis, but affirming my faith. I feel that there must be a lack of grace, of appreciation in a poet-critic who, even in an analogy, brings in Titian and Holbein when talking about William Morris and G. K. Chesterton. Much learning makes some people not mad, but insensitive, perhaps. Like Dymer in Mr. Lewis's poem, they are killed by the Blatant Beast they have created.

SHORT REVIEWS

The Religion of Beauty. Selections from the Aesthetes. With an Introduction by Richard Aldington. (Heinemann, 12s. 6d).

The Aesthetic Movement and the Eighteen Nineties are a period in shadow, a period of transition like our own. They have, therefore, a peculiar interest. Like all periods of transition they are not easy to isolate critically; their comparative nearness in time makes it harder for us to note the hesitancies of tone and emphasis; the harkings backward and forward, and yet the special quality that marks off this autumnal age from the full-blown summer of the Romantic ideal. To assess its intentions; to evaluate its achievements demands very delicate gifts of sympathy and definition in the critic. A useful way of enabling us to view the period as a whole is to present a cross-section of its prose and verse. This Mr. Aldington has most ably accomplished.

The two prophets of the Aesthetic Movement were Ruskin and Pater, and they form the ground-base, as it were, of Mr. Aldington's selection. Ruskin is, in general, at his best in passages that are not lengthy enough to admit the flaws in his logic and the irritating discursiveness of his

method. From Ruskin the Aesthetes learned that ambiguous attitude towards religion which is one of their special characteristics: with Ruskin, art is sometimes regarded as depending on religion for its ultimate validity; but on other occasions it seems to be itself a primary mode of religious experience. This tendency is carried much further by Rossetti in particular, and by Pater. In a sense, the famous Victorian's "doubts" lie at the back of the ambitious efforts of the Aesthetes towards unifying their experience. But the complexity of the various orders of experience was hardly likely to be solved by their summary identification of emotional and spiritual truth. In all the Aesthetic poets there was a lack of any centre to which contradictory orders of experience might be related and reconciled. This is, after all, the definition of a transitional age: an incapability of recovering the past; an inability to synthesise the present.

Mr. Aldington's Introduction is a sound summary of the literary aspect of this dilemma. He is firm in his denial of fashionable dogmas: defending Wilde's poetry he insists that it "has the merit of being readable"; while discussing its popularity in the early part of this century, he remarks, "any poet who thinks that this was . . . merely because Oscar had been gaoled, might make the experiment of getting himself sentenced and see what happens." A crucial figure, whom Mr. Aldington considers unjustly neglected, is John Addington Symonds. Symonds, both in his personality and in his writing was a microcosm of the whole Aesthetic Movement. A man of curious introspection, he also responded in a whole-hearted manner to every kind of visible beauty, while for more than a generation his work on the Renaissance educated Englishmen for Italy. Mr. Aldington also praises an author who is happily still with us—Mrs. Rachel Annand Taylor. Pointing out that Mrs. Taylor was one of the few who remained faithful to Aestheticism after the Wilde *débâcle* and the Boer War had "put an end to it as a style among writers and artists" he notes that her books were received with indifference and even hostility. Let us hope that the lavish extracts Mr. Aldington has made from *Leonardo the Florentine*—a mosaic of eloquent and coloured prose—and from some of the excellent sonnets in *The Hours of Fiametta* will do something to redeem this savage neglect. I am also grateful to Mr. Aldington for introducing me to that gorgeously marginal figure, "Evelyn Douglas", (John Barlas) with his obsession for the adjective "fulvous" and his muddled cosmologies. *The Religion of Beauty* includes the superbly mannered prose of Beardsley's dedication to *Under the Hill*, together with a discriminating choice from the poetry of Lionel Johnson, John Gray, Herbert Horne, and Eugene Lee-Hamilton, among others.

Mr. Aldington's combativeness leads him occasionally into exaggeration; but, in general, this is an entertaining as well as a useful book.

IAIN FLETCHER.

Collected Poems of Edward Thomas, with a Foreword by Walter de la Mare (Faber, 8s. 6d.)

Walter de la Mare, a study of his poetry by Henry Charles Duffin (Sidgwick and Jackson, 8s. 6d.)

Selected Poems of Robert Herrick, edited by Jack Lindsay (Grey Walls Press, 3s. 6d.)

Walter de la Mare, in his Foreword to Edward Thomas's poems, recalls with pleasure his friendship with the poet, and gives us in his description of their first meeting a very clear picture of the man of whom literature was to be so prematurely deprived. He remembers him essentially as a lover of truth, one blessed by a freedom of mind, a fine sense, rather than mere knowledge, of literature, with a "delicate yet vigorous intuition."

It is that delicacy that so marks Thomas's work, the delicacy that comes from an unencumbered mind. A poet essentially of the countryside, he was at his best when moved by the simplest impressions. These he would convey in words of equal, though how deceptive, simplicity, and the few failures we find are invariably marred by an attempt to complicate his responses by a style-conscious word-pattern. But for the most part he concerned himself with the themes which he felt deeply and knew well, those eternal sources of inspiration that lie on the winds and cloud-banks of the gentle sky, and among the leaves and branches and shadows of every season.

If de la Mare finds Thomas a poet of delicacy, intuition and freedom of mind, his conclusions are as nothing compared with Mr. Duffin's opinion of de la Mare. Mr. Duffin is, frankly, an embarrassment. His tribute reads like an indefinitely protracted eulogy accorded to the distinguished visiting speaker by the chairman of a village literary society, and his rather laboured analyses of his idol's poetry do not encourage the reader to do much else than re-read de la Mare for himself with an unmindful eye to anyone's opinion but his own. It is doubtful whether a worshipper so self-admittedly prostrate as Mr. Duffin can contribute much to calm, objective criticism and analysis, although a great deal of what he has to say may be agreed with.

Another poet notable for his opinions of the countryside if not for his unqualified admiration of hedgerow and sky, was Robert Herrick, whom, I am glad to see, has taken his deserved place in the excellently produced Crown Classic series issued by the Grey Walls Press. He is remembered by some, more for his hatred of a particular English county than for his themes of praise; an unusual mnemonic indeed. He found Devon's people and geographical features detestable for no better apparent reason than that a living at Dean Prior took him to the locality and away from the London he loved so well, an odd motive, certainly.

JON WYNNE-TYSON.

The Dove and The Leopard, W. G. Archer (Orient Longmans, 15s.).
The Falcon and The Hunted Bird, Ahmed Ali (Kitab Publishers Rs. 4).
Poems from China, Wong Man (Creation Books).
Rumi, Poet and Mystic, Reynold A. Nicholson (Allen and Unwin, 8s. 6d.).
The Silken Tassel, Ardeshir F. Khabardar, *Zarathustra*, Ardeshir F. Khabardar (Both from the Author, 778 Parsi Colony, Dadar, Bombay, 14, 7s.).

It is always valuable to examine the poetry and the poetic traditions of other countries than our own, and the work of Verrier Elwin and W. G. Archer, with its deep understanding of an alien poetic method, has always deserved our gratitude. Mr. Archer's latest collection is as rewarding as usual.

Ahmed Ali is concerned with the whole panorama of classical Urdu Poetry, and his book is more than enjoyable. The translations have great charm, and their interest for us is increased by the biographical sketches prefacing each section. Misprints occasionally mar the introduction and even the poems, some of which are of outstanding merit. Criticism falters before such a poem as this of Mohammed Taqui Mir:

"What is the life of the rose?" I asked the bud.
It listened, but for answer smiled in bloom.

Here is a book which no one interested in Oriental culture should neglect to examine.

This recommendation does not apply to Mr. Wong Man's anthology. The translations are rarely interesting as English Poetry, though valuable for their revealing of the Chinese poetic method and its development throughout the ages. Literal translations of this kind originate in the schoolroom rather than on Parnassus.

The late Professor Nicholson's translations are a little nearer poetry. Occasionally the artist is allowed to influence the philosopher, and we read:

When beams of Wisdom strike on soils and clays
Receptive to the seed, Earth keeps her trust:
In springtime all deposits she repays
Taught by Eternal Justice to be Just.

This is not great poetry, but we must not be unappreciative for it is as a mystic that Rumi will always be revered, and it is as a book of mysticism that this volume is to be recommended. Now, more than ever before, we need to rediscover spiritual truths, and Messrs. Allen and Unwin are to be congratulated upon the production of this valuable book and the series to which it belongs.

Mr. Khabarder, on the other hand, is not to be congratulated save on his great talents for bathetic utterance, and the occasional prettiness of some of his less saccharine verses.

ROBIN SKELTON.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

Poetry has been reduced to a pretentious or apologetic Cinderella of the arts.

Fashionable defeatism down the years is one contributory cause, materialism one other. The viewpoint of the publishers does not help poetry's plight either. But their side of this question must be judged realistically, and not entirely condemned. Publishers are business men, and must balance their yearly programme of new books so as not to carry too many "passengers" however culturally valuable some of those literary travellers may be. Admittedly, some publishers do have superiorly ignorant young men as readers, and these sometimes reject as not of a high enough standard, or for other reasons, poetry which has already been published in discriminating pages, and which has even on occasions won poetry awards. But such incidents are mere gnat stings in the more serious problem of poetry publishing on the whole.

Some of the poets themselves have contributed, and still do, to poetry's decline. I refer to the pretenders in poetry. The little cliques who see the modern masters of verse break some of the rules magnificently—because they are masters—and try to imitate them, with deplorable results. You have to know the rules very well in any art before you dare flout them deliberately. You have to know even more than that. Fundamentally there must be recognition of whether the creative flash is there or not. No rules or erudition are of lasting use without that.

We have extremists and traditionalists among the versifiers. The extremists shudder on principle at any poetical work of simplicity which can be understood and appreciated by ordinary, unpretentious people—the people to whom a poem conveys what they always knew but could not express. That is called the common touch, which some poets abhor, but to which we must return for poetry to take its place again in the nation's art. The popularity and success of verse-plays such as *The Lady's Not for Burning*, *The Cocktail Party*, *Happy as Larry* and other pieces, prove that true poetry need not be involved to be true poetry.

In direct opposition to the extreme experimentalists stand the hide-bound traditionalists—a dying group who can yet irritate. They condemn all modern poets to two pigeon-holes marked "Neurosis", and "No good." They do as much harm to the cause of living, progressive poetry as do those who bore (in more ways than one) into the poetical possibilities of the sewer or dissecting table.

In the middle of the road stand the other modern poets—the dispersed ones who are on the whole ignored. They have no pretences, no

clichés, or jargon. They too experiment often, but are discreet in keeping the worst of those mixtures to themselves or relegating them to the waste-paper basket. What poetical experiments they allow other eyes to see generally have form, rhythm-pattern, and symbol. So they produce independent, and occasionally inspired poetry, some of it in classic form, some more varied and unconventional in framework.

Those are the real and coming modern poets, some of minor stature, some greater, obscure only because they are not allowed to be heard or read often enough. Obscure because it goes against the grain of principle with them to subsidise their work. Yet many good modern poets are eventually obliged to do that very thing if they want to be published in book form. Unless poems are printed in a collection, there is no chance of them being professionally reviewed. Those are the voices of true modern poetic inspiration. Such voices should be heard, such words should receive publication of more importance than the occasional appearance in the national press or periodical.

Competitions and prize-winning contests are not enough, and interesting as they are, they taste a little of the schoolroom.

The Poetry Panel of the Arts Council should seriously examine the possibility of subsidies to publishers sympathetic to poetry's cause. This would enable them to produce cheap, paper-bound booklets of new poetry every year, and so bring it to the public in economical and popular form, just as good music was brought to swing-dazed people during the last war. The public will always like the best in any art if it is presented to them in a well-explained form, and appeals to their imagination.

More poetry recitals from small, informal platforms should be organised with good readers of human and sympathetic personality, and the occasional humorous approach. Also let us weed out "elocutionists" who drive people away from poetry just as much as does some modern poetry's arid and clinical approach to any idea.

Small groups of poets and lovers of poetry are working in different directions to bring poetry more to the forefront, and we are progressing. Some of the important organisations are even, I think, finding occasional inspiration and ideas from what we, the midges, are doing.

For even if many of the poetry giants of the day have not heard our names, a few of them have, and they know that we have vitality, independence, and often vision.

Remember that even midges can be felt!

I am, etc.,

ODETTE TCHERNINE.

Sir,

I regret that Mr. Joseph Bard's fine article on Professor Leonard Foster's essay on *German Poetry 1944-48* should have appeared under the

generalizing title of *Nazi Neros*. I doubt whether there are more than a couple of poets mentioned in this book who would deserve such a label.

The new anthology *De Profundis*, (Verlag Desch, Munchen, 1947), from which most of the poems in this essay were taken, gives a concise outline of the lives of many of the authors. I counted more than 50 who had either been blacklisted by the Nazis, been in prisons or concentration-camps, and had been tortured or killed there. I may have overlooked quite a few.

Was Bergengruen ever a Nazi? Haushofer, who wrote the *Moabiter Sonette*, spent years in Moabit prison and was released and then shot in the back, while the Allies were only a few miles off.

Was not Billinger imprisoned by the Gestapo and Joseph Drexel, who suffered in Mauthausen and Flossenburg? Kasimir Edschmid's works were publicly burned in 1933, as were those of Thomas Mann and Erich Maria Remarque, Gertrud von Le Fort, Sebastian Grill, Friedrich Georg Jünger, Rudolf Hagelstange (with his father in Buchenwald), Gottfried Hasencamp, Ricarda Huch, Hermann Kasack, Jens Heimreich, Friedrich Kemp, Susanne Kerckhoff, Johannes Kirschweng, Walter Kordt (who with his two well-known brothers was deep in the resistance movement), Ernst Kreuder, Kupfer-Koberwitz (in Dachau), Elisabeth Langgässer (her small daughter in Auschwitz), Horst Lange, Hans Leip, Wilhelm Lehmann, Oskar Lörke, Inge Moossen, Ernst Pentzoldt, Walter Petzet, Georg Phillipp, Kurt Oser, Friedrich Rasche (with his Jewish wife), Herrmann Rossmann, H. W. Sabais, Nelly Sachs, Oda Schaefer (Horst Lange's wife), Thassilo von Scheffer, Reinhold Schneider, R. A. Schröder, Georg Schwarz, Henri Sternberg (members of his family shot, gassed or beaten in Riga, Auschwitz and Buchenwald), W. E. Süsskind, Wilhelm Swoboda, Franck Thiess, F. Umbran, Gregor Walden, Günther Weissenborn (his works burned in 1933), Eugen Winkler (taken by the Gestapo), Ernst Wiechert (Buchenwald); all these worked in illegal resistance groups against the Nazi *regime*. Their works were denied publication for many years, and if not arrested or otherwise detained, they existed underground. Erich Mühsam was one of those, who died in a concentration-camp. Wolf Ücker escaped with his life, but lives, permanently maimed through the war.

These are some of the poets united under the title *Nazi Neros*. I should very much like to see the names of these courageous people cleared.

I am, etc.,
E. A. Roseveare (Mrs.)

Sir,

In *Tribute to Wordsworth* (recently reviewed in *The Poetry Review* by Mr. Waldo Crane) Muriel Spark, writing editorially, says that the Annette

discovery "proved a turning point in Wordsworthian criticism." She notes that critics have seen in Wordsworth "a poet to whom the application of psychological treatment is supremely justified." Obviously all this activity is the outcome of the discovery of Wordsworth's private love story. The joint editors of *Tribute*—Muriel Spark and Derek Stanford—aline themselves with critics who endeavour to explain the great by psychoanalytic methods. Arguing that Wordsworth "seemed to require some profound emotional disturbance before the universe appeared to him in vital and imaginative terms," they assert that the source of passionate vision in Wordsworth's life was Annette Vallon, whose images attracted and augmented the emotion he had once felt for his mother. His sister Dorothy "perpetuated the responsiveness of his heart when the object that excited it was removed." On marriage with Mary Hutchinson (1802) "both the tension and the stimulus was lost. A low-voltage (sic) domestic feeling for his wife outwardly stabilised the man but inwardly assassinated the poet."

A volt is the unit of electro-motive force—the force which propels one ampere through one ohm resistance: quite scientific. What in the name of goodness, is a domestic volt? Whatever it may be, do the editors of *Tribute* suggest that Wordsworth, in the year of his alleged assassination, ceased to be a poet? Further, do they recommend that poets should not marry—or else? Certainly there seems to be a "moral" emerging from their findings; that married poets should at all costs avoid low-voltage feelings.

Many critics seem to be of opinion that they will attract little attention unless they delve, however imaginatively, into sexual stuff. There are many instances. Jack Lindsay's recent *Dickens* is particularly flagrant. The *Tribute* is well in the mode. What a gift from the gods of psychoanalysis was this disclosure that Wordsworth, long regarded as devoid of sexual feelings, had made an unmarried mother and not an honest woman of Annette Vallon.

I am, etc.,
W. N. HOLLOWELL.

★

Correction

In the September-October, 1950 issue of *The Poetry Review* (Vol. XLI, No. 5) in "The Lord Alfred Douglas Sonnet Award for 1950" by Mr. T. W. Ramsey, a commended sonnet, *Consolation* was wrongly ascribed to Miss Joan E. Swift. The actual author was Miss Jean Baxter, of Hemel Hempstead, to whom sincere apologies are due.

POEMS OF PLACE COMPETITION 1950

The standard of the 1950 entries is refreshingly high, with little or no bathos and the wearisome Ego suitably submerged. Signs of care and polish are evident and efforts at cleverness at the expense of clarity mercifully scarce. Indeed, picking the winners has been no easy task, as a good many were far above the average.

Special mention must be made of *Arbor Low* by Mrs. Juinata Peirse, *Wad Medani* by H. G. Balfour Paul (which unfortunately slips up on stanzas 6 and 9, a most graphic and imaginative poem), *The Poet's Wood, Newstead Abbey* by Margery Smith, which is excellent, *Mt. Elgon, Kenya* by Janet Teulon Woods, *The House that Jack Built* by Major J. S. Blanford, *Parthenon in Moonlight* and *Beethoven's Birthplace* by Gertie Stewart Phillips, all of which show imagination and feeling. Also to be commended are:

Evening on the Col de Tournalet by M. S. Shaw, and *Foam of Mallorca* by Geoffrey Holdsworth, which together with *New Mexico* by Miriam S. S. Foote, show the same sehnsuch and spiritualism. *The Thames Ablaze* by Arthur Caddick is unusual. *April Morning* by Douglas Gibson is a gay and debonair little thing, and *The Lake, Regents Park* by Anne F. Brown is an amusing little scrap well contrasted with her *October, Regents Park*. *Moreton Old Hall* by Charles Tomlinson makes special appeal as a sad reflection on the times in which we live. *In Honister Pass* by Irene Pawsey is on the same theme and well-drawn. *Lamorna Cove* and *Eclipse over Heswall* by Mabel Parker are very attractive, as also are *Winter Nightfall* and *Autumn on the Malvern Hills* by Pamela Cleaver.

Where Blue Waters Meet by Ruth Crary Clough, *Aberdovey by Night* by Mrs. Benn Moston, *Kew Gardens* by Miss Kathleen Layton and *The Songless Stream* by M. L. Bromley, all share a simple melodic charm, as also do *Docksey Pool* and *Song of Trentham* by W. G. Smith.

FIRST PRIZE: I would divide between:
Ceylon by Indram Savundranayagam and
Paris from Les Buttes Chaumont by W. T. Shorthose
so unalike—both so descriptive, such easy flowing verse, full of imagery and charm.

SECOND PRIZE:
L'Isle d'Arz in Morbihan by Michael Gerard. A very delightful work filled with deep understanding of the Breton and those seas filled with romance and superstitions.

THIRD PRIZE:
Cannock Chase by Ernest Toye—to one who knows the Chase, a highly descriptive and sincere bit of work.

A. DOROTHY HOLMES.

PREMIUM COMPETITION REPORT

(New Series: No. 3)

Unhappily, the entries for this competition, which closed on the 15th of October, 1950, were not as numerous or as evocative as usual. Only thirty-eight poems were submitted in the three months allowed for entry, and of these verses it was disappointingly difficult to find a full dozen worthy of commendation. Four poems, however, were clearly of high quality, namely Miss Joan Beaumont's *The Shell*, Miss Lucy Carter Bredin's *Get Well, My Rose*, Miss Catherine Forbes' *I want to Throw my Skull away*, Mr. John Wheatley's *A Page in the Diary of a Soul*, while a fifth was of true and original distinction, *The Men in the Caps*, by Mr. Maynard Greville, to which, without hesitation, I award the prize.

Interesting and promising work, if a trifle unfinished in some cases, was submitted by Miss Constance Anderson, Miss Grace Angel, Mrs. Louise Chubb, Mr. W. A. B. Gardener, Mr. Robert Hanworth and Miss Catherine Weeks.

JOHN GAWSWORTH.

HIGHLY COMMENDED

Joan Beaumont, Sheffield; Lucy Carter Bredin, Bath; Catherine Forbes, Fulham; John Wheatley, Stratford-on-Avon.

COMMENDED

Constance Anderson, Somerset; Grace Angel, Hitchin; Louise Chubb, Kingsbury; W. A. B. Gardener, Hants.; Robert Hanworth, Shenfield; Catherine Weeks, W. 14.

THE MEN IN THE CAPS

Thoughts on watching cattle loading into ships at Waterford.

"Forty cattle died in the hold of a ship from Southern Ireland to Liverpool in the rough seas.——It is estimated that 1,500 Koreans were killed or wounded in crossing back over the river.——Five hundred tons of bombs were dropped in the packed industrial section of, etc., etc." Any news items anywhere most of the time.

Staggering into the ship, pushing and boring their way:
Pounding the planks or a stay, down to the narrowing neck
Where it drops in the womb of the hold, leaving behind them the day,
And the grass, that has turned them to gold, for the dark neath the fo'csle deck.

Whack; on their sides, on their backs, whether brown dun or grey.
Whack; there is only one way, and the men in the caps with the sticks
Impersonally pass them along, refuse to allow them to stay
For discussion of right or of wrong; for all must go into the ships.

All must go into the ships, the strong, and the weak, and the bold;
The sly with a headful of tricks, the staunch with a will of their own,
Despite all their protests and kicks, they all must go down to the hold,
Willing and unwilling together; the reaper waits for his own.
Whack for the boys in the caps, for they'll surely be getting the sack,
For the ritual of driving by blows is all that they really can know,
Is all that all power can know as it draws us along the old track
Hammered by cattle or men, in the way that they both have to show.

So the reaper waits for his own as we go to the dark in the hold,
Like the cattle, though why the Lord knows, for we ought in the circle of time
To have caught just a glimpse of the rhyme and the reason we're always resold,
And shown by the men in the caps, the shortest way into the hold.
The cattle don't know where they go, or what the next moment will bring:
But we, surely we, can connect the sowing and reaping to make
An endless chain with each link forged into an infinite ring
Before, once again on the brink, we realise it's just the old fake.

O reaper. O sowers. What if you're really the same?
The quays, and the gangways, the hold, and the rest of the ship at the dock
Is the past and the future unrolled, with the green of the grass as the frame—
As the frame? O Lord Jesu grant me the key to that lock
So the years will fall off, dissolve in the face of reality, then
Will the path from the grass to the hold, and the hold to the grass be the same?
Or the roll of the ship in the fog banks of reason and logic when—.
O thank thee Lord, thank thee Lord, just for the frame.

The ship moves away down the river, down to the sea
On the flood of the tide, all aquiver with the thrust of the screws
Past the castle and Ballynakill, and then swinging free
In the great wide pool round Checkpoint, her southern cruise
Threads through the narrows at Ballynack, to Booley Bay
And the open sea round Hook Head, where first she rolled
To the long Atlantic swell, and the sea went grey
As she swung her bows to Wales. O Lord but it's dark in the hold.

All the rivers and ships through the times that mankind has toiled
And wrestled, come to grips with the forces that got in his way,
Have they been but instruments through which he has patiently foiled
All attempts by his soul to reach something, something that no one can say?
Since the corackles first came down, and the hunters made stories they told,
While the herons whose fishing was spoiled, flew off in their dignified way,
To make room for the new type of day. O Lord but it's dark in the hold.

MAYNARD GREVILLE.

★

Broadsheets

The Society is publishing a series of poems in the form of broadsheets. Each poem is attractively presented on Nippon Ivory Vellum paper, with a line illustration in colour. None have been published in this country before. The broadsheet is approximately 6 inches in width and the length varies from 7½ inches to 15 inches according to the length of the poem. The printers are The Favil Press.

The first list of titles are:—

1	T. W. Ramsey	Friendly Tree
2	T. W. Ramsey	Far over Wires
3	Thomas Moult	Cradle Song
4	Thomas Moult	Prayer in time of Peace or War
5	V. Sackville-West	Timgad (*in French*)
6	Joyce Grenfell	Sonnet
7	Joyce Grenfell	A morning William Morris might have known

The number printed is limited and the price of each is 9d., postage extra. They can be seen and obtained from:

THE GENERAL SECRETARY
33 PORTMAN SQUARE, W.1.

or from the Secretary of any Centre of the Society.

There are a few autographed by the author and the price of these will be 2s. 6d. each.

This enterprise is a further effort by the Society to publish original work and, with the scheme launched, they now invite contributions from poet-members of the Society. The selection from those submitted will be made by a small panel of judges. There is no payment nor charge to the authors of poems selected and no copyright is held by the Society. All entries must be sent and will be received on this basis.

The success and growth of the scheme depends wholly on sales.

THE POETRY SOCIETY'S JUNIOR SECTION

We opened, you may remember, in the May-June, 1950 number of *The Poetry Review,* which also included the results of our first competition.

This is the last time we shall appear here and we close with printing the remaining prize winners of the second competition.

I announce this with no regret whatever for we are being translated.

The Poetry Society have created a new class of membership to be known as JUNIOR MEMBERS. The eligible age is from 8-18 YEARS, and the *subscription is 5s. per annum.*

Junior Members will not receive the *Poetry Review* but a special Quarterly magazine of their own to be known as *The Poetry Society's Junior Quarterly.*

In all other ways they will have the same privileges as present members with the same right of use of the Library of the Society.

You will find a page in this number with these and other particulars, together with a form that you can complete at once.

We are hoping that the first issue of the new magazine will be sent to all Junior Members early in the New Year and thereafter as they enrol.

Now this new Quarterly of yours will grow in the way *you* want—your needs, your hopes, your visions will dictate its policy.

It can sound the call of a new generation bright with vision, alive with vitality, gathering arms and strength, preparing to take over the fight for the world of ideals, a fight that can and must be won.

JOHN GRADDON.

SAILING YACHTS

SUSAN HOLLIDAY

Through the solemn sweep of a bridge,
Heavy and unyielding and grey
Swing marble sails,
Over the sun-sleek sway
Of the quiver of the river where the spun spume follows;
Over the leaping and the creeping of the ripples on the water
Where the sun-glints caught her
In the net of a gold-grey spray.
Flights of swooping yachts, like white necked swallows
Curving through green-deep hollows.
Souls of full arching grace,
Below the tall tangle of pillaring trees,
Wind playing in the swaying of their shadow-greying leaves
Quivering in the race of the sun upon the breeze.

Sails, like dancers poised for a fairy flight
Curving in perfect line; the sky-seas trace
The thin darker boats below,
Like arrows shooting to and fro,
Pass the bridge, the trees; their sails
Sundering wind and sky.
Flights of perfect motion drifting by.

HERO-WORSHIP

GILLIAN THOMAS

They say it is but hero-worship,
Perhaps—
My love is so intense
His name stands clear upon the printed page
Shadowing those about him
And waking a wild longing in my heart.

They sat that I am blind,
Oh, no—
I see his faults,
And yet I love him still, enfolding all
Those vices that I see
My love transmuting them to attributes.

They say that it will pass,
Maybe—
Yet if the love should die
There will remain a tenderness that cannot fade
Cherished within my heart
A joy unsullied as the sparkling air.

ON LEAVING SCHOOL

JEANETTE SMITH

Soon all this will be over—
No more the incessant voice
That hammers home the point,
And all silent the bell,
That punctuates the day,
For life prehensile and urgent
A-beating on the door
Is impatient, and will no longer be denied.

We felt so strong advancing
In a mighty crocodile,
Were so secure dressed in uniformity
And seated in our rows,
Our very sameness was a shield
Which none could pierce.
Secure we played our games,
And didn't notice how stealthily the years crept by.

Soon all this will be over—
Our unity broken
We each shall be alone.
Alone afraid and vulnerable.

STORM

R. N. BARLETT

Bursting on the suburbs with dynamic gusts of energy
And concentrated fury comes the mad March gale.
Blowing off the roofing-felt which lies atop the garden-sheds,
Encountering the window with a splash of sleet and hail.

Distending all the trousers on the wildly waving washing-line,
Drumming on the window like a hanged man's heels,
Swaying all the aitches of the television aerials,
Muddying the roadway 'neath the slowly turning wheels.

Gentlemen in overcoats pursuing trilbies hopelessly
Cursing at the vigour of the brusque March gale,
And lightning lights the darkening sky with bright celestial clarity,
While women in their kitchens hear the thunder and turn pale.

Ear-lobes reddening at the slashing of the hail-stones,
Nose-tips deadening at the coldness of the sleet,
Eye-lids wincing at the brightness of the lightning
Wet stones glistening beneath the hurried feet.

White marbles bouncing on the flat roofs of the garages,
Black sky paling as the storm dies down.
Wet folk emerging from the haven of a doorway,
As the sun come out again and smiles upon the town.

NEWS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

THE POETRY SOCIETY: CENTRES MEETING

A successful Centres Meeting was held at the Society's headquarters on Saturday, September 30th, 1950.

Lady Tew graciously received the members who were officially welcomed by the President. He expressed his appreciation of the work carried out by the branches in various parts of the country. The activities described in the reports revealed an enthusiasm and imagination in the endeavour to widen the enjoyment of poetry.

The members were happy in listening to Mr. L. A. G. Strong, F.R.S.L., who delivered a stimulating address on "Modern Poetry", which gave much pleasure to the audience.

The meeting ended with tea and talk.

THE POETRY SOCIETY: FRIDAY READINGS

The readings at 33, Portman Square, W.1, each Friday at 6-15, continue as a regular feature of the Winter programme. They are followed by an Open Meeting for general discussion and conversation. All are invited to attend, even if they cannot come to the more formal meeting earlier in the evening.

REPORT FOR AUTUMN, 1950

Our Reading's Season began on the 29th September with a formal reading in memory of our lately deceased ex-President, Earl Wavell, from his "Other Men's Flowers" anthology. The occasion was graced by the presence of Countess Wavell and the new Lord Wavell in the Chair; and by the reading, unannounced in the programme, of our President's admirable poem on the Westminster Abbey Commemoration Service, held for him on the 7th June, read from pages 242-3 of *The Poetry Review*, September-October, 1950. Fine interpretations of the selection were made by Miss Rawlings and our Mr. Wilton Cole, perhaps more especially by the latter as less histrionic in timbre and so nearer the Society's own work.

October the 6th brought us the President's reading from his own work, from the books *Four Witchballs* and *Fire and Ice*, down to *Endymion and Silver*, and the later unpublished work; and he selected in such a manner that the growth of his thought and technique could be interestingly followed. This was made clear by hearers in the ensuing discussion, the first really effective one of these useful innovations, for that after the Wavell programme faded unduly. His *Ballade in C-sharp Minor* was especially praised.

Friday, October the 13th was to bring us Miss Lesley Deane, the actress and R.A.D.A. producer, in her "Caroline Poets" programme, but this had to be deferred through a sudden chill and at twenty-four hours' notice Mr. Burbury took over and delivered an extempore reading. For this he chose the *Little Treasury of Modern Poetry*, by Oscar Williams, and stressed in particular the thumbnail lyrics of Emily Dickinson. Mr. Burbury began with light and humorous items and worked up to more rhapsodic work, including therein our President's Conversation Piece *The Consolation of Lucifer*, our Editor's *Choose Death*, Doctor Leigh Henry's galloping Appeal to Fergus, entitled *Call from the Twilight*; and finally at the President's request, a couple of sonnets by Arthur Vivian. The ensuing discussion was well attended and went on late.

The 20th of October was a gala day with Roy Campbell mild and in person reading from his poetry of South Africa and his satires of the wars.

By special and repeated request he read his *Horses on the Camargue*, and discussed it in

the ensuing debate, as also the rhythm of *Resurrection*, which he was noted to modify and improve as he read.

October 27th brought us Mr. R. P. Lister (known for his contributions to *Punch*) with an admirable set of humorous verse, from Calverley and Chesterton, through our late Vivian Locke-Ellis to delightful whimsies and jingles of his own. He was most entertaining.

November the 3rd saw Mr. Tom Foley's Irish Selection, largely Yeats and Gogarty, the former's later work and the latter's whole, and too little known, poetic work, put over by that admirable team Daphne Thompson, David Holmes, and Pamela Barnard. So good was the material and the reading that one was almost sorry to hear *Innisfree*.

ARTHUR VIVIAN

THE POETRY SOCIETY: READINGS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

The first of a monthly series of poetry readings intended to interest the younger generation in the appreciation and enjoyment of poetry was held at the headquarters of the Poetry Society, 33 Portman Square, W.1., on Saturday, December 16th, 1950, at 3-15 p.m., under the direction of Lesley Deane and T. H. Foley. The subject was "Christmas". The readers included Audrey Bullard and Caron Rock.

The second meeting will be on Saturday, January 27th, 1951, at 3-15 p.m. Admission: Children under 10 years of age 3d.; over 10 years of age, 6d.

CENTRES

THE BATH POETRY CENTRE

Enquiries to:—James Angell, Esq., Bedwyn, Westbury Avenue, Combe Down, Bath, Somerset.

THE BRIGHTON AND HOVE POETRY CENTRE

Enquiries should be sent to:—Mrs. T. Weston Ramsey, 89 Poplar Avenue, Hove.

Fixtures every third Saturday in the month 3–6 p.m. (Tea, 4 p.m., at 1s. per head, if desired). A successful inaugural meeting, under the Presidentship of Rev. F. Pratt Green, was held on 18th November, 1950, and on December 16th, a reading of his poems by Theodore Nicholl, Silver Medallist, June Field reciting.

January 20th. John Gawsworth, F.R.S.L., reading from his *Collected Poems*.

February 17th. T. H. Foley, reading a selection of Irish Poems.

THE BOSTON POETRY CENTRE

Meetings held monthly. Full details from: Miss Blanche J. Bigelow, 163 Eliot Street, Milton 87, Mass.

THE CHELSEA POETRY CIRCLE

(Affiliated to the Poetry Society. Formed 1946)

President: Dame Sybil Thorndike

Vice-President: Miss Margaret Rawlings

Informal readings are held each month in members' homes, and occasional public readings at the National Trust Museum, 3 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W.3. Full particulars from the *Hon. Secretary*, John E. Carroll, 5 Redesdale Street, S.W.3.

THE EALING POETRY CENTRE

Enquiries should be sent to:—The Secretary, 10 Culmington Road, Ealing, W.13.

THE FLORIDA POETRY CENTRES

(Formed 1946)

President General:
Marie Tello Phillips
6427 Darlington Rd.,
Pittsburgh 17, Pa., U.S.A.

Vice-President General:
Lillie Reed Zortman
230 Forest Ave., Ben Avon,
Pgh. 2, Pa., U.S.A.

State Presidents:

Connecticut: Lillie Offen Reed.
Florida: Pearl Safford.
Indiana: Grace Porterfield Polk.
Kentucky: Ethel Koger.
Maine: Effie Lawrence Marshall.
Minnesota: Margarette Dickson.
Pennsylvania: Lillie Reed Zortman.
Tennessee: Polly McKibben.

Florida's first official Poetry Day, October 15, 1950, by Proclamation of Governor Fuller Warren, was observed by the Pensecola Centre of the Poetry Society by a feature and poem in the *Pensecola News-Journal* of that date.

THE GUILDFORD POETRY CENTRE

On November 1st, 1950, an enthusiastic audience applauded a reading of *Duologue with the Dark,* a poem by the President, Mr. T. W. Ramsey, F.R.S.L., presented by Miss Roberta Shuttleworth and Miss Frances Herlton.

Details of meetings may be obtained from The Centre Secretary, Mrs. F. E. Coker 46 York Road, Guildford.

THE HAMPSTEAD POETRY CENTRE (1909)

Meetings are held on the first and third Thursdays in each month at 8—9-30 p.m., at 9 Wentworth Mansions, Keats Grove, N.W.3., and the following Programme has been arranged:

January 4th	A Happy New Year.
January 18th	The Five Senses.
February 1st	Annual Business Meeting, followed by Ballads and Sonnets.
February 15th	The Persians, by Aeschylus (Gilbert Murray's translation).

Members are invited to bring their friends as guests who may take part in the readings.

THE KENSINGTON CENTRE

The Royal Borough's Centre was re-established on Saturday, November 4th, 1950, with an inaugural meeting in the flat of Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Burbury, 12 Bassett Road, Ladbroke Grove. The reading was by Miss Lesley Deane, and greatly appreciated. It was decided to meet monthly on Tuesday at 8-30 p.m., and leave business in the Founder's hands till a general meeting was ready to appoint officers. A further meeting was held at the same address on the 5th December, Mr. Foley bringing readers for the main part of the programme.

New members are welcome in any numbers and should write in to Mr. Burbury who will invite them to attend.

THE NORTHERN IRELAND POETRY CENTRE

Enquiries should be sent to:—H. Haddock, 18 Ashley Gardens, Belfast.

The Northern Ireland Centre of the Poetry Society held its seventh Annual General Meeting in the Queen's Hotel, Belfast, on Monday evening, 18th September, 1950. Dr. Frazer-Hurst, M.A., Ph.D., presided and Mr. J. Nelson Browne, M.A., took the chair.

Satisfactory reports were submitted by Mrs. O. G. Hasluck and Miss Hettie Haddock, joint Hon. Secretaries, and by Mrs. K. Smyth, Hon. Treasurer. The office bearers and members of the Executive Committee were re-elected with the exception of Mrs. O. G. Hasluck, who, owing to illness, has been regretfully compelled to resign from the secretaryship. Her place is being taken by Mrs. Mollie Middleton.

Speaking as President, Dr. Frazer-Hurst said the past year had been one of considerable success from the point of view of attendance and the extremely large number of visitors who had come to the meetings showed how widespread this love of poetry was. Both he and the Chairman, Mr. J. Nelson Browne, warmly thanked the speakers who by giving so generously of their time and knowledge had made the meetings memorable.

The evening concluded with a recital of poems written by members of the Centre.

THE NOTTINGHAM POETRY CENTRE

Enquiries should be sent to:—Lake Aske, Esq., 281 Wilford Lane, Nottingham.

THE REIGATE POETRY CENTRE

Details of Meetings may be obtained from the Centre Secretary, Mrs. M. A. Hicks, The Alton, Alma Road, Reigate.

THE ST. PETERSBURG (U.S.A.) CENTRE
(Formed 1946)

Members and potential members are invited to communicate with the President, Helen T. Douglas Robinson, 815 Jackson Street North, St. Petersburg, 6, Florida. The centre seeks to promote production of the best in poetry. Many members, including the President, the Vice-President, Mrs. Harry Howard, Mrs. Mary O'Connor, Mrs. W. W. Logan and Mrs. L. Bedell, are also keen members of the parent Poetry Society Inc. (London) and subscribers to *The Poetry Review*.

THE SOUTHAMPTON POETRY CENTRE

Enquiries should be sent to:—Miss Joy Brider, 9 Archers Road, Southampton.

THE STROUD CENTRE

On Saturday, October 7th, 1950, Mr. T. H. Foley with three Readers again visited the Stroud Poetry Centre. This meeting, attended by about fifty people, was held at Steanbridge, Slad., Mrs. Wehner, Vice-President of the Stroud Centre, was in the Chair. The first part of the programme consisted of poems from Early English Poets, read with sympathy and charm by Miss Daphne Thompson, Mrs. Pamela Barnard, and Mr. David Holmes. After an interval for tea, the three Readers entertained us with a Comedy by Christopher Fry, *A Phoenix too Frequent*. This was a novel venture for our meetings and one which was much enjoyed. The Stroud Centre would like to express its thanks to the Members of the London Headquarters for their continued help and interest.

The Programme for the coming winter months will be available shortly. For particulars of Membership, please apply to the Hon. Secretary of the Stroud Poetry Centre, at Steanbridge, Slad, Nr. Stroud.

THE SUSSEX POETRY CENTRE

Enquiries should be sent to:—Mrs. Doris R. Richards, Oak Cottage, Eason's Green, Framfield, Sussex.

THE WALTON AND WEYBRIDGE POETRY CENTRE

The first meeting of this newly-founded centre was held last November and distinguished by an address on "Modern Poetry" by Mr. Kenneth Lillington, M.A.; a successful second meeting was held on December 14, 1950. Meetings will be held once a month.

Enquiries should be sent to:—Mrs. Elsie M. Gittens, 28 Oatlands Drive, Weybridge, Surrey.

Will anyone able and willing to start a Centre in any part of the country please communicate with the Secretary, 33 Portman Square, London, W.1.

POETS' GROUP OF THE POETRY SOCIETY

This Group, dedicated to furthering the work of active Poets within the Society, gathers "to hear each other's work and discuss the spirit and substance of poetry." All interested in attending future meetings are invited to communicate with me at The Well House, Ewell, Surrey. LEIGH HENRY

THE POETRY SOCIETY'S CRITICAL SERVICE

The Poetry Society has pleasure in announcing the continuance of its Critical Service for Members. Two poems only may be submitted for criticism, for a minimum fee of 5s. The charge for the criticism of each additional poem is 2s. It is particularly requested that all poems submitted should be typed and that a stamped addressed envelope be enclosed.

THE POETRY SOCIETY'S AUDITIONS AND EXAMINATIONS

The Poetry Society has conducted auditions and examinations in the art of verse-speaking for many years, and its success in this valuable cultural activity is attested by the fact that the number of schools and institutions in all parts of England which the Society examines, continually increases.

Junior preliminary examinations are available for the youngest children and these continue through various grades, up to the final test for adult students, for which the Society's gold medal is the final award for success.

General regulations governing these auditions may be obtained on application to The Registrar, 33 Portman Square, London, W.1, with whom arrangements can be made for auditions for schools, colleges, or private individuals.

COMPETITIONS

THE GREENWOOD COMPETITIONS FOR 1951

The Poetry Society is empowered by the executors of the late Mrs. Julia Wickham Greenwood to offer the sum of £20 as the Shirley Carter Greenwood Prize for the best single poem in open competition.

Entries should be addressed "The Greenwood Prize", 33 Portman Square, London, W.1. Only one poem may be submitted by any one competitor, the length not to exceed 250 lines; no previously published poem may be entered. The full name and address of the author must be given and a stamped addressed envelope enclosed if return of the poem is desired. If a nom-de-plume is adopted, name and address of sender must be given in a closed envelope bearing the pseudonym. The winning poem will be printed in *The Poetry Review* and may be reprinted at the discretion of the Editor, who may also reserve near winners for publication in *The Poetry Review*.

Closing date is 31st December, 1951.

THE PREMIUM COMPETITION

The above bi-monthly competition continues as before with the total entrance fees as prize money which may be won outright by a single competitor or may be divided at the discretion of the Premium Adjudicator. An entrance fee of 2s. 6d. will be charged, and a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if a receipt is desired. Competitors must observe the following rules:

1. One poem only may be entered by each competitor.
2. The poem must be typed and no stamped addressed envelope will be required unless a receipt is desired. (See Rule 3.)
3. Competitors must retain copies of their poems, as none can be returned.
4. Entries must be addressed "Premium Competition", *The Poetry Review*, 33 Portman Square, W.1.
5. Each poem must bear the author's name and address.
6. Entrants must be members of the Poetry Society or regular subscribers to *The Poetry Review*.
7. The winner of a full Premium or one who has shared the prize twice will not be eligible for re-entry for twelve months.
8. No previously published poem may be entered.

The closing date for the next Premium Competition will be 15th February, 1951.

THE HOWARD PARSONS' EPIGRAM COMPETITION: 1951

The Poetry Society is empowered by Mr. Howard Parsons, a long-standing member of the Society, to offer the following prizes, endowed by him for an Epigram Competition.

1st prize, 5 guineas; 2nd prize, 2 guineas; 3rd prize, 1 guinea. Entries which should not have been previously published should be marked "Epigram" and should not bear a stamped addressed envelope, as MSS. cannot be returned. They should be addressed to The Poetry Society, 33 Portman Square, London, W.1, to reach here not later than 1st March, 1951. The Society reserves the right to extend the closing date of the competition should none of the entries reach the required standard.

THE POETRY SOCIETY JUNIOR VERSE COMPETITION

The Poetry Society have pleasure in announcing the next annual Junior Verse Competition. Schools throughout the country are invited to co-operate in submitting the work of their pupils.

The Competition will be divided into two classes:

(*a*) Not more than one poem, previously unpublished, to be submitted by any one competitor, age up to thirteen years last birthday. There will be a book prize inscribed by the Poetry Society.

(*b*) Not more than one poem, previously unpublished, to be submitted by any one competitor, age from fourteen to seventeen years last birthday. There will be a book prize, inscribed by the Poetry Society and four additional prizes of one year's Membership to the Poetry Society.

The poem may be on any subject. Closing date, 30th June, 1951. Entries to be addressed to: The Junior Verse Competition, 33 Portman Square, London, W.1. Entries should bear the names and addresses of competitors and copies should be retained as these cannot be returned.

THE LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS SONNET COMPETITION FOR 1951

The Poetry Society has the pleasure of announcing the fourth Annual Competition in memory of Lord Alfred Douglas for a sonnet upon any subject. One of the two forms adopted by Lord Alfred Douglas in his sonnets, must be used: these are:

For the Octave — 1, 2, 2, 1; 1, 2, 2, 1.
For the Sextet — 3, 4, 5; 3, 4, 5 *or* 3, 4; 3, 4; 3, 4.

The prize of £10 may be divided at the discretion of the adjudicator; the winning poem or poems will be published with the award in *The Poetry Review*. Competitors must retain copies of their poems as these cannot be returned. The sonnets should bear a definite title and not merely marked "Sonnet". Not more than two sonnets may be submitted by each competitor by 30th June, 1951. Address "Sonnet Competition", The Poetry Society, 33 Portman Square, London, W.1. Entries should bear names and addresses of competitors. No previously published poem may be entered.

POEMS OF PLACE COMPETITION FOR 1951

Mrs. A. Dorothy Holmes, a Shropshire member of The Poetry Society, offers £10 annually in competition for poems of place. Competitors who must be members of The Poetry Society, may submit not more than two poems, previously unpublished, of not more than 100 lines. All entries should be typewritten and bear the name and address of the author; poems should be addressed to "The Holmes Prize", The Poetry Society, 33 Portman Square, London, W.1, not later than 1st April, 1951. The judges may divide the prize money at their discretion, and the winning poem or poems may be published in *The Poetry Review*. Competitors are asked to keep copies of their entries as these cannot be returned.

THE POETRY SOCIETY (Incorporated)

THE POETRY SOCIETY have created a new class of membership to be known as JUNIOR MEMBERS. The eligible age is from *8-18 years*, and the *subscription is 5s. per annum.*

Junior Members will not receive the *Poetry Review* but a special Quarterly magazine of their own to be known as *The Poetry Society's Junior Quarterly.*

In all other ways they will have the same privileges as present members with the same right of use of the Library of the Society.

The Junior Quarterly magazine will contain specially commissioned articles on all aspects of poetry, including development, appreciation, writing and speaking, all by acknowledged experts.

The approach will be personal; the theme that sincerity of expression is more important than prosody; the aim to create a lasting love of poetry, for, where there is no vision. the people perish.

The need for such a magazine has been startlingly shown by the response to the small Junior Section of the *Poetry Review* (which section will now be discontinued) and the numerous entries for the Junior Competitions.

Space will be allotted for poems by Junior Members; criticism of their work; and answers to their problems. There will be competitions, awards and book reviews.

The greater the number of Junior Members obtained the more valuable will the magazine become.

Application forms for membership singly or in bulk, can be obtained from:—THE GENERAL SECRETARY, THE POETRY SOCIETY, 33 PORTMAN SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

Advertisement rates can be obtained from:—MESSRS. H. V. GOULD, 143/144 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

.....

I,.....Date of Birth.....
Name in Block Letters.

of.....

apply for membership of the Poetry Society as a Junior Member, and enclose 5s. being subscription for one year.

Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed and made payable to The Poetry Society, 33 Portman Square.